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Boo Hoo

The U.S. Weeps for Charles Van Doren

NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR.

Articles and Reviews by · · · · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

JAMES BURNHAM · WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. · RUSSELL KIRK

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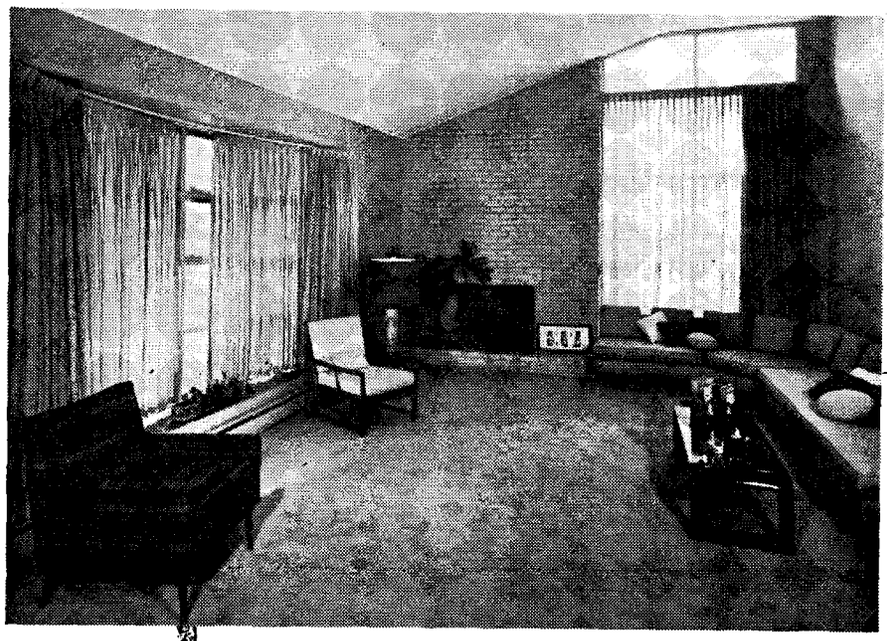

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

Forthcoming House Committee on Un-American Activities hearings in Puerto Rico promise to be the most explosive in years. Rep. Walter's determination to conduct open hearings may prompt the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee to follow with public revelations of its hearings on Castro.

The East German government has expropriated 20,000 privately-owned firms in the last 18 months . . . . Communist Poland is "buying" 200,000 tons of surplus field grain from the United States to alleviate shortages behind the Iron Curtain. She'll be permitted to pay with Polish currency.

Nelson Rockefeller is making personal telephone calls to prominent New Yorkers soliciting large-sum contributions to his Presidential campaign fund (hasn't called us yet) . . . . Former Attorney General Herbert Brownell did not join Tom Dewey on the Rockefeller brain trust; master-publicist Anna Rosenberg did.

Newly-organized: the National Committee for a Representative Congress, under President Robert H. Austin, former civic leader and business executive, and an organizing committee of tough-minded, public-spirited citizens determined to support congressional representatives all over the U.S. who truly represent their districts and resist pressure groups (e.g., big labor). For information, write to the Committee, Box 675, Washington, D.C. . . . Secret poll by Revlon reveals only 10 per cent of those who know it was a party to the fix (90 per cent of those polled) will boycott Revlon products.

New trade go-between for Latin America and Iron Curtain countries: Yugoslavia, shuttling from Venezuela, Uruguay and Argentina to Bulgaria and Rumania with wool, frozen meat and fruit. . . . Continued distribution of the anti-U.S. pamphlet published by Castro in Cuba, after American protests, has resulted in heated anti-Castro feeling at Ike's Cabinet meetings. Nixon is said to favor tougher line. . . . Philippines' anti-U. S. Nationalist Party reported losing votes in national election. Pro-Westerners swept Manila and Cebu; Nationalists still hold a majority.

The hope has been voiced in certain quarters that the undergraduates of Princeton will not rush to provide a forum for Charles Van Doren.

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The WEEK

● *Freudian Slip Department:* From the *Manchester Guardian Weekly,* October 1: "[America] is moving briskly toward a new progressive era. . . . there are signs that the dawn chorus of liberalism has already begun to exercise its vocal chords. The Beat Generation, the new vogue for satire, the placing of *Dr. Zhivago* at the top of the best-seller list, the success of books such as Professor Galbraith's *Affluent Society*—these are the first swallows of the pink sixties."

● New Hampshire's March primary, the first in the nation, is posing some tough problems for Mr. Nixon. Rockefeller forces—an agglomeration of New Republicans and Dartmouth College professors who thrill at the thought of serving as Univac for a President, a lusty and well-heeled band headed by Phillips Exeter Academy principal William G. Saltonstall—have mounted a concerted campaign to convince the public that Rocky is so far behind *now* that even coming close to Nixon in March will mean a resounding victory. Meanwhile, the effort to organize behind Nixon is slowed by a split—Styles Bridges, Norris Cotton, and the traditional state Republican organization on one side; and Governor Powell and Manchester publisher William Loeb on the other. They are all conservatives, but their relationship is nonetheless strained. Powell ran for years against what he calls "the Concord gang," is now looking for Cotton's Senate seat, and resents the failure of Nixon to name him head of the Vice President's New Hampshire campaign. So far he has done little more than threaten to remain neutral, but several of his lieutenants have hinted he might switch to Rockefeller unless Nixon comes through for him. Nixon continues to present himself as the candidate of Republican unity: he must deal with a controversial partisan, a man of fervid friends and violent enemies. Nixon can't afford to be without Powell, nor can he afford to wear the badge of "Powell's man." The prospects are for an uneasy waiting period, with the hope that Powell's natural conservatism will bring him eventually to the Nixon camp despite his reduced status within the Nixon organization.

● NELSON ROCKEFELLER grinding away, with a whirlwind whistlestop assault on the wide-open West; a much publicized policy manifesto sounding off for more government, more spending, less taxes; a promise to cut New York State taxes next year. . . . STUART SYMINGTON picking up steam, with a *Time* cover story, and a widely written-up Southern speaking tour. . . . JACK KENNEDY romping along with a testimonial dinner and the endorsement of Iowa's Veep-bitten Governor LOVELESS. . . . LYNDON JOHNSON scheming away with the election of Lyndonite BERT COMBS as Kentucky's new governor. . . . *Temporarily stalled:* N. J. Governor MEYNER, on the ropes after a prestige defeat in the November state elections. . . . RICHARD NIXON sitting it out in Washington while the President goes goodwill hunting in the Far East. . . . ADLAI STEVENSON, suddenly no longer on television, being sabotaged by HARRY TRUMAN. . . . HUBERT HUMPHREY suffering the embarrassment of being nominated by AVERELL HARRIMAN.

● Fund raisers for both political parties in Washington shuddered this week when Americans for Constitutional Action (ACA), formed a year ago by Admiral Ben Moreell and Governor Charles Edison, announced its board of trustees. The President's brother, Edgar Eisenhower, got the headlines, but the name that really shook up the professionals was that of Allan Kline, former president of the 1,600,000-member American Farm Bureau Federation and still a major influence in Midwest politics. The trustee list of ACA reads like a blue-book of American politics, and it means that the new organization is going to receive increasing amounts of money which went formerly into Republican and Democratic party treasuries. Interested voters should write for the public announcement to ACA, 408 First Street, S.E., Washington, D.C.

● A recent AP story about the lag in the Eisenhower atoms-for-peace program says that the United States will sell the International Atomic Energy Agency "5,000 kilograms of enriched U-235 in concentrations up to 20 per cent," the Soviet Union 50 kilograms of enriched uranium. That might sound as if we were to provide 100 times as much material as the Soviet Union will. The fact is that uranium enriched to 20 per cent U-235, which is what both nations are expected to provide, means, of course, material that is one-fifth U-235. Of such material, the Soviets agree to furnish 50 kilograms, while we agree to furnish 25,000, for it takes 25,000 kilograms of 20 per cent enriched uranium to give 5,000 kilograms of "contained uranium 235." So we are committed to provide 500, not just 100, times as much as the Russians. That old word magic has us in its spell.

● The United Nations has washed its hands of responsibility for the Laos crisis by reporting that it does not know where the truth lies. The truth, as conspicuous as the stark intrusion of the United Nations building on the New York skyline, is that in violation of existing agreements the Communist

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government of North Vietnam is encouraging and participating in an insurrection against the government of Laos. And though the crisis in Laos is not affected by the report, we continue to learn more about the body that sponsored it: the UN is an unfit instrument for discovering and disseminating the truth about world politics. The single bright hour in its history of investigations of situations directly involving Communist interests was the Hungary Report, but the Soviet Union and its dupes promptly retaliated by a) ignoring the report; and b) performing a frontal lobotomy on the man primarily responsible for it: Povl Bang-Jensen was fired. The subsequent report on Lebanon was contradictory, futile and deceptive. The report on Tibet was hopelessly ambiguous. UN "reports" have developed into ideological reflections of the composition of the UN—half Communist, half free. They, like much of the UN, are a waste of time; worse, they serve to obscure the truth.

● On November 8, ending an eighty-year controversy, the United Arab Republic and the Sudan signed a treaty regulating division of the life-giving waters of the Nile. This removes the last obstacle to construction of the high dam at Aswan, where heavy Soviet bulldozers have recently been unloaded from river barges. Under the accord, the Sudan will get two-thirds of the waters now dumping into the Mediterranean, and a substantial compensation for its land that will be flooded upstream from the Egyptian dam. Another clause provides for an expansion of UAR-Sudanese trade to an annual level of $32 million. This treaty is one among several signs of increasing maturity in Nasser's political behavior. It leaves still unanswered the question whether this maturity will lead him to break those ties by which Moscow has so often in the past led Egypt to dance to the Soviet political tune.

● A few weeks ago Italian President Giovanni Gronchi was invited to visit the Soviet Union—not that the Kremlin had the slightest interest in that second-rate opportunist, but because Khrushchev was particularly anxious to add Eternal Rome to his calling list, and figured a return invitation would be automatically forthcoming. Signor Gronchi, who has always had a roving eye for a Leftward temptation, accepted posthaste, to the applause of the Italian Communists and Nenni-Socialists. In the next scene Premier Antonio Segni and his right-wing Cabinet recalled the technicality—waived by the U.S. State Department—that Khrushchev is not, like Gronchi, a "head of state." Italy, they decided, would be happy to welcome as return visitor doddering old Voroshilov, the Soviet Union's puppet President. As for the Soviet Premier, a well-worn *NR* slogan was—figuratively—pasted over the gates of their city: KHRUSHCHEV NOT WELCOME HERE!

● Assumption One. As the richest and strongest nation in the hemisphere, and moreover an Anglo-Saxon nation, the United States is resented by Latin American powers. Assumption Two. We can do nothing about that resentment until a) we become a second-rate power, and b) our skins darken. Assumption Three. Pending these developments, we should assert what the United States considers to be the preconditions of inter-American comity, and dedicate our total resources to creating those conditions. They should be, simply: a) No colonizing of any country by Communism. b) No abridgement of any right of any U.S. national prescribed by treaty. c) No gratuitous defamation of the United States by any nation to which we extend diplomatic recognition or economic aid. d) The Panama Canal is ours. Assumption Four. If our foreign policy toward Latin America consisted exclusively in the enforcement of these conditions, the outrages against us last week in Cuba and Panama would have been unthinkable.

● We mourn deeply the death of H.W. Prentis Jr., former chairman of Armstrong Cork, former head of the National Association of Manufacturers, former head of a task force of the Hoover Commission to study overseas economic operations, and a vice president, at the time of his death, of Americans for Constitutional Action. During his spectacular business career, Mr. Prentis always found time to concern himself with the antecedent political and economic conditions which made possible such a success as his. He was a businessman of large mind, and they are rare, and sorely missed when they go.

● It is perhaps quixotic to remark once more on the lengths of bureaucratic effrontery. It happened, this time, in England, where farmer William Titcumb was told by the British Ministry of Agriculture that his 14-months-old bull, Brook Mandore, would have to be butchered or exiled. Why? The Government decided that Brook looked too feminine—too much like a cow, not enough like a bull. So: off with his head, lest he endow other yet unborn virile bulls with his looks. Farmer Titcumb was much upset by the decision, and is still searching for a suitable home abroad for his bull. He's willing to sell at a sacrifice to save Brook's life. Meanwhile, the British Government is charging him $8.40 per day every day he defies the execution edict. There is not really very much we can add to these bald facts—except to record that momentary twinge we experience each morning when we look into the bathroom mirror. Does *our* face offend Ezra Taft Benson, or Arthur Flemming? It's no way to begin the day.

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'Solution' or No

The dark threats have been officially planted, and labor and management given to understand that unless an agreement is reached by the end of the Taft-Hartley cooling-off period, "something," presumably something labor and management won't like, "will be done."

Something of course should be done, and we have in mind something that would not be liked by the labor bureaucracy, but ought to be liked very much by steel and should certainly be in the interest of the rest of the country. We mean of course legislation subjecting unions to the anti-trust principle. And that should be done irrespective of whether steel and labor work out a "solution" to this particular crisis. To pretend it need not be done if they do work out a solution is to opportunize as an adventitious escape from a deadly serious problem, namely, the unique power of centrally directed labor unions to halt the economy of the nation.

Granted the difficulties involved: they are complex, and they are self-evident. But those difficulties were present, too, were they not, when the time came to draft and apply legislation aimed at breaking up business monopolies? Because it is difficult to define just what constitutes an unlawful monopolistic association, should we give up the attempt? The fact of the matter is that, as it now stands, it is impossible for the workers at one plant at one end of the country to work out terms satisfactory to themselves with the managers of their plant and go back to work—unless those terms satisfy the abstract goals of a union boss who may be situated three thousand miles away, prizing his lever, which is a crippled economy.

The legislation we need should be carefully drafted. It might well proceed by declaring that an industry-wide strike, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, is presumptively collusive, and so indicative of monopoly union control, and therefore unlawful. The law might facilitate the drive against industry-wide strikes by withholding the special immunities of the Wagner Act and related legislation from any labor union which effects a work contract terminating within, let us say, a given number of days of the contract of another company engaged in the manufacture of the same product. If, say, no more than 20 per cent of the steel industry could enter into a contract terminating within 60 days of any other 20 per cent, labor unions would have to wait a year before they could strike an entire industry—and even then, the burden would be theirs to show that the strikes were not collusive.

The President sincerely believes that through his garish trip to far-off capitals, he will be doing his personal best to cope with the external threat to the nation. If he wishes, before leaving the White House, to endow us with a genuine act of statecraft, let him get down to the problem of the labor union monopolies. He will find it easier because, after all, it does not require, for a solution, the acquiescence of Khrushchev. Mr. Eisenhower is not up for re-election.

Liberals Falling Out?

Harry Truman's plain words on the need to resume our nuclear tests did to the cant of the pacifist-collaborationist camp what a cool shower does to a hot and sultry day. Truman twanged his way to the heart of the problem: 1) It is no longer safe to assume that we can detect carefully controlled nuclear explosions, and therefore no longer possible to know whether the Soviet Union is observing the ban on nuclear experimentation; 2) our fourteen-months-old negotiations with the Communists on the question of a ban have become ridiculous; 3) to the extent there ever was anything to worry about on the score of radioactive fall-out, forget it: subterranean tests keep the fall-out underground. Meanwhile, 4) we cannot afford to delay any further in forging our own special arsenal; not so long as the world crisis persists.

What more needs to be said?

The Liberal-left is of course outraged. The *New York Post*, which will not be satisfied that we have reached true statesmanship until we give our bombs to UNESCO, reached down to scatology for an appropriate denunciation: If Mr. Truman doesn't cut it

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out, he will become to the Democratic Party what Herbert Hoover is to the Republican Party!

One senses from the reaction to Mr. Truman's statement something more than the mere moral opprobrium that these days attaches to anyone who disagrees with the foreign policy of Linus Pauling and Norman Cousins. Mr. Truman is an old pro, and at just the moment when almost the entire stable of Democratic Presidential candidates has come out in favor of continuing the ban, he raises his commanding voice to say the exact opposite. By general consent Mr. Truman's nose points directly to the ground, and he snuffs away at the least political scent. If he is right about what the American people are thinking, or are soon due to think, about our capitulation to Soviet and pacifist propaganda, *then what happens to us!* Adlai Stevenson, Hubert Humphrey, John Kennedy, *et al.* may be wondering. And is Rockefeller's statement calling for a resumption of tests the beginning of a big political pincer movement which will move out the candidates in both parties who have taken an anti-test stand, or are stalling?

His candidate, Mr. Symington, needs badly something to distinguish him from his rivals, or even to distinguish him, period. Is Mr. Truman testing this out for him? Whatever the political understructure, Mr. Truman has said, *mirabile dictu,* what sorely needs saying.

The Big Silence

The Big Silence you hear from the big executives of the television industry—unbroken, as far as we have seen, by any of our big-time television commentators, who have been ululating over the scandals they might have exposed years ago—has to do with Pay TV. The presidents of CBS and NBC are desperately anxious to prove their penitence, provided only that the profits of their networks are not affected. Mr. Walter Lippmann and others have suggested that the only appropriate remedy is a government-owned television network. (Why on earth should we presume that a government network would be more honest than a privately owned one? And what politician could look an advertiser in the eye and chide him for exaggeration or distortion?) Others have suggested remedies, if not so extreme, impossibly impractical: *e.g.,* that sponsors be not allowed to have any say as to the nature of the entertainment they buy.

The resentment, it is obvious, is not directed exclusively at the great fraudulence recently uncovered. The quiz shows merely fired a smoldering resentment against the total vulgarization of a great medium. Gresham's Law is ever at work, and bad shows are driving out good shows, with the result that it has become possible to say, in the happy formulation of the *New York Herald Tribune,* "If you want to know the worst about American television, turn on your set."

The non-statist answer is perfectly apparent, and has lain before the public, before the FCC, and before Congress, for several years. It is Pay TV. The best answer to the vulgarizers is competition. Quality competition is impossible so long as television is free to the consumer, who must then yield his rights as arbiter to advertising agencies whose exclusive concern is the size of the audience. It is perfectly feasible to produce and to sell good entertainment. We have yet to hear a good reason why a company willing to get on without advertisers should not be awarded a frequency to which it could sell access to those who choose to pay for what they offer in preference to receiving free of charge what the industry wants them to have.

But every time the issue is raised, existing television stations strike up a demagogic chorus on the theme of Robbing the People of Their Free Air Waves. The present arrangement, of course, constricts rather than augments our freedom. The people would still have their free television if Pay TV were instituted; but the people would also have the opportunity to vote against Madison Avenue, and the thought of partial emancipation is more than the TV moguls can bear. (Free one of us niggers and we're *all* liable to get up and leave the plantation.)

There lie before the FCC applications by several syndicates. They go unheeded because of the pressures the networks have been able to generate to protect their remunerative grip on mass entertainment. With the advent of Pay TV, the minority would have some place else to go. Having some place else to go is the definitive weapon of the consumer, of which he is deprived when he is in the hands of monopolists. It is the weapon that could cause the television industry to improve its morals and its taste. And without government intervention.

Deeper and Deeper

Last year's deficit in the U.S. balance of international payments was $3.4 billion; for the present year it is expected to rise to $4 billion. Meanwhile, the U.S. continues to spend some $6 billion a year abroad for military, political and charitable purposes.

Since international balances have, in the last analysis, to be settled in gold, the drain on our central banking reserves could, conceivably, have a long-term disastrous effect on the value of the U.S. dollar. Leaders of the banking fraternity, however, tend to pooh-pooh the immediate threat. Meeting at Miami Beach recently for their annual convention, mem-

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bers of the American Bankers Association argued that the prime menace comes from poor management of the national debt and from domestic policies that tended to price U.S. business out of the international market.

The bankers, so it seems to us, have grasped the problem by its correct handle: nobody is going to buy in a high-cost country if equivalent consumer satisfaction can be had in a low or medium-cost country. There is, however, one area in which the U.S. could cut down on the balance-of-payments deficit without worrying about anyone's capacity to buy or to sell. There is the annual billion dollars that goes to foreign nations more or less as pure charity. At least half of this is being spent by the recipients on goods originating outside the U.S.

One current answer to this drain is to require that Development Loan Fund money be spent on goods originating in the U.S. But this is a Rube Goldbergian complication out of the hornbook of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht. Foreign exchange dollars have in any event to come back to this country if they are to be useful to their ultimate foreign possessors, and what difference does it make whether they come back at the first, second, or third instance? To require that they be spent "on-shore" in the U.S. at the very outset merely adds one more sandtrap for the international trader; furthermore, it tends to distort U.S. production.

A far more effective way of saving on the trade balance deficit would be to cut out the charity at the source. This would not only help conserve the gold backing which is necessary to the integrity of our currency. It would also lighten the tax burden on the people and so leave them with cash to spend or invest or give away in foreign lands at their own choice. A lower tax rate would, incidentally, help Washington to pursue domestic policies which would not tend to price U.S. business out of foreign markets in the first place.

The way to resume, as someone once said, is to resume. The way to encourage a healthy exchange between nations is to take everybody off the cuff and to let them meet in the market place without having to run the gauntlet of tariffs, quotas, subsidies, exchange blocks and all the other idiocies out of the book of the disastrous nineteen thirties.

The End of Massive Retaliation?

On the day before Congress reconvenes in January—a date deliberately chosen by the author—Harper & Bros. will publish *The Uncertain Trumpet*, by Maxwell D. Taylor, Chief of Staff, U.S. Army, from 1955-59. A condensation of the first section of General Taylor's book, blocked by the State Department while he was still on active duty, appears in the current issue of *Look*.

The Uncertain Trumpet is the sharpest attack on prevailing U.S. strategic doctrine that has been launched since the Civil War by a general officer ot our armed forces. Among General Taylor's contentions:

" 'Massive retaliation' has been a massive failure . . . a military strategy locked in concrete . . .

"We have lost our ability to react swiftly and effectively to the most likely form of military challenge —limited war. And we have exposed ourselves to the hazard of backing into a general war we are all trying to avoid, or permitting the nibbling erosion of our world position to continue . . .

"[The Radford-Wilson] 'New Look' . . . embodied the 'Great Fallacy' that Massive Retaliation is a self-sufficient strategy for our national defense . . .

"In only one of the 18 armed conflicts since 1945 has anyone found a use for the big atomic bomb. . . .

"Despite vast expenditure. . . , we [are] being left with atomic retaliatory force of dwindling effectiveness. . . . Our ability to defend our retaliatory force and civil populations against missile attack is nonexistent . . .

"We continue to cling to the policy of Massive Retaliation, although it has reached an obvious dead end . . . It has failed to keep the peace . . . It is not cheap . . . We do not have a balanced, flexible defense . . . We are now threatened by a missile gap that leaves us in a position of grave danger. We do not have the necessary forces to cope with the threat of limited wars. It is time to arouse ourselves and demand that a policy that has failed be discarded."

We must not be naive. General Taylor writes with the bitterness of an Army man who has had to sit back while the junior Air Force offspring of his branch of the services has taken long precedence in strategic plans and budgetary dollars. One may further suspect that Henry Kissinger, Dean Acheson and the other Democratic Party strategic braintrusters have fed him arguments whose facts have been given a factional twist.

Still, with all discounts, General Taylor's book takes its place with the new studies by Bernard Brodie (see "The Third World War") and Oskar Morgenstern to presage the end of the period during which the concept of Massive Retaliation has monopolized our official strategic doctrine. The capability for massive retaliation remains an essential, but only a partial element of our required strategic posture. The real question we now face is whether Massive Retaliation is to be followed by a strategy flexible and varied enough to meet the multi-dimensional challenges of the enemy, or—as the Khrushchev-Eisenhower visits so ominously suggest—by a turn to Massive Appeasement.

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The Ultimatum that Wasn't There

A year ago this month, Nikita Khrushchev, Czar of All the Russias and Vozhd of World Communism, issued a ukase on the subject of the City of Berlin. This proclaimed that the political condition of Berlin was intolerable to Moscow. "The Western presence" (*i.e.*, Western troops) must be withdrawn from Berlin; it must be transformed into a "free city" under some undefined sort of international supervision; all nations must recognize the sovereignty of East Germany and East German control over the land and air corridors leading into Berlin. If these terms were not accepted by the Western powers within six months, Khrushchev declared, Moscow would put them into force by unilateral action.

Khrushchev's ukase was, that is to say, an ultimatum with a six months' time limit.

The six months passed, and now another six. In Berlin, all is just as it was before Khrushchev spoke. Berlin is not an anonymous "free city," but an outpost of the Free World. The Western presence persists. Traffic flows through the corridors without interruption. Puppet East Germany has not been recognized, and has been accorded no rights over the corridors or the Western sectors. In fact, within the past fortnight the West Berlin police, supported by the Western occupation forces, have compelled East Germany to haul down its flag from the subway stations it operates in West Berlin.

Khrushchev's Berlin ultimatum was a clear, present, specific and understandable danger. Last January, as NATIONAL REVIEW reported, the President determined that he would not yield to Khrushchev's threats on Berlin, that he would resist by whatever means proved necessary. Confronting this firm resolution, Khrushchev backed down, as Communists are wont to back down whenever they come up against genuine resistance. The ultimatum fizzled like a wet firecracker.

Meanwhile the President was faced with the more general Communist threat, which, unlike the Berlin ultimatum, was obscure, distant, vague, and difficult to comprehend. So confronted, it was the disoriented and floundering Mr. Eisenhower whose resistance cracked, who yielded. He invited the enemy to sit by his hearthside; he covered the enemy's crimes and intentions with the cloak of his own good will and reputation. Confronting this opened door, Khrushchev grew more arrogant and demanding, as Communists are wont to do whenever they come up against softness and irresolution. The distressing question has even been raised whether Eisenhower agreed to modify our position on Berlin at a future Summit meeting.

The puncture of Khrushchev's Berlin ultimatum is not unique. His ultimatums on Quemoy and on Lebanon-Jordan—over both of which he brandished his missiles—collapsed as ignominiously, when we went resolutely ahead with our proper business.

What is it that prevents our leaders from learning —from their own experience—that you can't deal successfully with Communists by shaking their hands, or licking their boots?

'The Answer to Your Question Is No' Dept.

Or: Have You Noticed the Recent Perplexity of Mr. Khrushchev?

(*We swore to ourselves we'd never do it again, and swear now, publicly, that it is absolutely the last time; but could* you *have resisted the temptation?*—Ed.)

From the President's press conference:

> WILLIAM KNIGHTON of the *Baltimore Sun*—Mr. President, you have spoken out against the third-term amendment. Had there been no third-term amendment, would you now be considering in your mind running for a third term? [Laughter.] A.—Well, first of all, I don't believe I ever spoke out against it. I said this, it was just from—since I have never made a deep study of this thing, because what was the use—from my viewpoint, I said I thought on balance it was an unwise amendment. However, there were so many people whose fears are very real that somebody who would get a hold of the kind of military force we now have, get a hold of it and use it as an instrument of establishment of centralized or dictatorship form of government, I would think that—I could argue pretty well on either side of this one. Now, let me point this out: Our whole history, from 1900—from the beginning, from 1787 until 1953, has been one of almost defenselessness in military forces. You remember, I realize I cover so many years now in a military career, but it was not too many years ago when the whole strength of the Army, including the Air Force, was 118,750. And we would go down to the Congress, and I have sat in front, helping my bosses with the data, we'd ask for $50,000 more for something we thought was just terrific, and it would be cut off. Now, even after World War II, we found this same trend had started in, and it started, not as just a matter of Congressional economy or of the Executive's economy, it's what America felt. We hoped that the United Nations were going to solve our problems, so that this policy, this political policy that you ask about, I think has been sort of a concomitant with our military policy, because everybody knew there wasn't enough military, really, to go into control of the country. Now, this is no longer true, and it might alter thinking.
>
> The answer to your last question is no.

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Notes and Asides

Ladies and gentlemen, we are four years old, and will celebrate our birthday very quietly, as befits our august maturity. A year from now we will be five, and just possibly we will treat ourselves and you to a real bash. But that's a year off. Meanwhile, we have to elect a new President of the United States and pay the printer. Our birthday message to our critics and deathwatchers, who kept thinking we'd go out of business any minute is: Gentlemen, you don't know how close you came. And to our readers: You are our pride and joy; don't forget us when we are old and grey.

Recently a stranger appeared at our office. He walked up to the receptionist, took five twenty-dollar bills out of his pocket and said, "I want to give these to NATIONAL REVIEW, and I want a receipt." Mrs. Brady of our staff smiled that very special smile we reserve around here for our contributors, and said "Thank you, sir: and to whom shall I make out the receipt?" "Never mind," said our benefactor; "never mind who I am; I am well enough known around town—just make it out to 'Anonymous.'" Mrs. Brady complied, and gave the gentleman our thanks as he left. A moment later Mrs. Brady remembered NATIONAL REVIEW's habit of making a gift of a book to friends who give a hundred or more dollars to the magazine, and lunged to the window hoping to stop Mr. Anonymous. She spotted him crossing the street and yelled out that she had a book for him. He walked gravely back, stood under the window and said: "Very well, throw it out the window and I'll catch it." She did, and he did; and off he went, and we say: thank you, Anon.

Writer and newspaperman Rodney Gilbert, long an expert on China and the Far East, has edited a hundred-page documented report entitled *Genocide in Tibet,* published by the American-Asian Educational Exchange. The report begins with a political and religious history of Tibet, and gradually works up to an account and indictment of Communist China's ruthless attempt to murder a nation. It is a valuable, readable textbook on the difference between Communist polemics and Communist practice, available for $1.00 from The Bookmailer, Box 101, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N.Y.

Miss Bettina Bien and Mr. George Reisman, advanced students of Ludwig von Mises in economics and effective champions of the free market, are putting together a seminar open to the public. The idea is to bring together weekly in New York students who want to fortify their knowledge of economics and its application to current political issues. Those interested in participating should write to Miss Bien at 30 South Broadway, Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Errata: In Henry Hazlitt's article, "On Analyzing Keynes" (November 7) two lines of copy were inadvertently dropped, with the result that Mr. Hazlitt *seemed* to have written: "When investment exceeds *prior* genuine saving, it is because new money and supply has meanwhile contracted," which was, as a matter of fact, the exact opposite of what Mr. Hazlitt *had* written. The sentence (omitted words italicized) should have read: "When investment exceeds *prior* genuine saving, it is because new money and *bank credit have been created. When ordinary saving exceeds subsequent investment, it is because the money* supply has meanwhile contracted."

Haakon Chevalier's novel, *The Man Who Would be God,* was published by Putnam ($4.95), not by Viking as reported in our review (November 7).

Also in the November 7 issue, we appeared as saying, "The first day [of the two-day Chicago rally sponsored by the *Independent American*] was given over to economic sermons." We meant, of course, "economic seminars."

Our Contributors: NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR. ("Boo Hoo") has commented upon American politics, manners and morals for *Esquire,* the *Nation, Harper's, Commentary* and other magazines. Born in New York City, he was educated at Tulane.

Bound Volumes

Bound volumes are now available of Volume VI of NATIONAL REVIEW, covering the period from June 21, 1958 through April 11, 1959 (and including *both* NATIONAL REVIEW *Magazine* and *Bulletin*). These handsomely-bound and indexed books cost $20.00 for a single volume, $15.00 for each additional volume. Since the supply is limited, orders will be filled immediately on a first come, first served basis. Please send your request as soon as possible to Dept. K., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York 16, New York. ALSO AVAILABLE: a few copies each of the first five volumes of NATIONAL REVIEW *Magazine.* If you missed any of these volumes, this will be your last opportunity to obtain them. Prices are the same as above. Complete sets of bound volumes (Vols. I through VI) are available, while they last, at the special price of $90.00.

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The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

What Kind of Age?

The breakdown of internal communication is a feature of modern Big Government well known to all insiders but little remarked by the lay public. From its sandbagged location within the corridors of the bureaucratic maze, one agency fails, often enough, to receive even the most vital message from another. And if the message does come through, it is likely to be disregarded or misunderstood.

We citizens pay several billion dollars annually for the Intelligence agencies that form part of the present governmental organism. Their assigned mission is not to make national policy, but to provide the facts, analyses and predictions on the basis of which effective policy can be made by those who, under our system, are supposed to make it.

The policy-makers—both executive and legislative—are thus presumed to be the primary customers of the Intelligence business. But the truth is that many of the opinions and programs of the policy-makers have no coherent relation to the Intelligence data. The policy-makers either do not see, do not read, or do not understand the Intelligence reports; or else, from one or another motive, they deliberately choose to disregard them. Between Intelligence and Policy, communication is badly garbled.

Where Do Ideas Come From?

Bernard Brodie's *Strategy in the Missile Age* (Princeton, $6.50) is an Intelligence product. He wrote it on official assignment as a Senior Staff Member of RAND Corporation. RAND Corporation is the Air Force's special research agency. A carefully worded prefatory sentence tells us that *Strategy in the Missile Age* is a collective statement: "Most of my RAND colleagues, I am sure, agree with most of what I say, and many agree essentially with the whole of it."

With such an origin, quite apart from its intrinsic worth, one might imagine that Mr. Brodie's study, or at least the conclusions he comes to, would have received the absorbed attention of policy-makers concerned with military and international affairs. If this is the case, it is impossible to explain what the policy-makers—in particular the President and his Cabinet—are presently up to. The President's current line cannot be reconciled with the facts and analyses that Mr. Brodie has so competently assembled.

The President assures us that "war is unthinkable," and proceeds on that axiom. Mr. Brodie comments: "The old attitude that total war is inevitable has now given way in many quarters to the view that it is impossible . . . The later opinion is logically and historically indefensible. . . ."

The President believes that we can safely relax, give up nuclear testing and generally disarm if we find that the Communists have sincere and friendly intentions. Mr. Brodie, after noting that the Soviet attitude "clearly inclines more to the hostile than to the benign," reminds us: "The margin of error is usually greater in reading Soviet intentions than in reading their military capabilities; in any case, their intentions may change quickly and critically. We also know from history that when there is enough tension, war can break out without its being truly willed by either side. Far outweighing these considerations, however, is the degree to which our security measures are out of joint with Soviet capabilities as we see these developing, and the extent of the disasters that could follow from our vulnerabilities."

On many more technical but still major problems, the contradiction is no less sharp. Having renounced preventive war, we are inescapably committed to the strategy of deterrence. But deterrence cannot work unless we "make strategic air attack . . . look completely unattractive to the other side"; and this we cannot do unless we protect our retaliatory force by "hardening" our strategic bases and launching sites. But (except for the Titan bases-to-be) this hardening—which would be very though not prohibitively expensive—is not being done or proposed by the Administration: on grounds partly of economy, partly of the "unthinkability" of actual enemy attack.

The Lost Dimension

Strategy in the Missile Age is a really excellent book, thoughtful, informed, and balanced not by muddled compromise but by a sober weighing of negative as well as supporting evidence. ("Wars are the gravediggers of the predictions concerning them.") Though it is addressed in the first instance—for stated reasons of considerable interest—to a military audience, there is nothing in style or content to handicap a civilian who is willing to read a serious discussion of serious problems. There are few readers, either military or civilian, who will close Mr. Brodie's book without feeling a new humility, along with deeper understanding, before the awesome complexities of the choices imposed by "the missile age."

It is, however, in the implication of his title that I should diverge most widely from Mr. Brodie's analysis. Like most other writers on these problems — particularly those who have some official standing—Mr. Brodie is making the advent of the new nuclear weapons systems the essential and defining attribute of "our age." His argument, his evidence and his references, cogent as they often are, all revolve within this assumed definition. Lenin's vision was more penetrating: "the age of wars *and revolutions*." The determining factor of our age is not a bomb or a missile but a revolution. The gaping hole in American strategy is not "hardening" or "limited war capability" or "underemphasis space"—all of which bear on a problematic future war—but the failure to meet the challenge of the revolutionary dimension of the real third world war that goes on now. Without making good that lack —without a counter-revolutionary strategy—then will all our missiles prove vain.

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

How Europe Sees Foreign Aid

Now that the United States has asked prospering European nations to contribute material and financial aid to the underdeveloped countries, with a favorable echo from responsible statesmen on the Continent, a certain amount of soul-searching is in progress here. People are asking themselves why they ought to contribute to the weal of faraway peoples. Fiscal generosity is a virtue certainly not specifically European. Many European nations, moreover, believe their colonialism of the past has bestowed considerably more blessings than evils on indigenous populations. A serious study of the trade balances, investments, expenditures and revenues in the various colonial empires demonstrates that the material gain Europeans derived from their colonies was generally negligible. When World War I broke out, only one German colony (Togo) operated in the black.

This does not imply, of course, that European colonial enterprises were basically altruistic endeavors; they were ventures motivated by a dream of national grandeur, a spirit of military adventure, the hope of *eventual* financial gain and last, but not always least, by the propagandistic élan which characterizes all Christian religions. Intelligent Europeans admit that their colonial history is not unblemished; that incidents of brutal exploitation were not too rare fifty years ago. But they argue that Europe provided the natives infinitely more than it took away from them: Christianity, technical and agricultural knowhow, the rudimentary principles of free government, medicine, transportation, education (from the three R's to the graduate level), the idea of the protection of minorities and of the worth of the individual. For all these reasons, Europeans view the energetic demand for total independence as a sign of ingratitude, if not real character deficiency. The fate of white settlers, often forced to leave a territory which they have cultivated through several generations, as well as that of natives still faithful to the old colonial power but suddenly homeless, adds to European bitterness.

To make matters worse, third powers come into play by financing the "new nations," underwriting an independent status which might never have existed had it not been established territorially by the wicked colonizers. Never before in history had India controlled Assam; the British literally created Singapore; the Republic of Indonesia is a Dutch creation; there would be no Cameroons without the Germans (and the French). Under such circumstances Europeans—more so the ex-colonial than the non-colonial powers—react with little enthusiasm to the American program of financial aid to the underdeveloped areas, although, willy-nilly, they will contribute their share.

Modern International Blackmail

Vanity played a major part in colonial expansion; and an inferiority complex is the primary motivation for the frequently harsh native breaks with the motherland. Yet this secret sense of inferiority seldom prevents the former "victims" of colonialism from appealing for the aid freely rendered them before, in their period of dependence. Voters who cross themselves beneath the image of a rhinoceros, or of an elephant sitting on a triangle, do not necessarily institute governments as envisaged by Thomas Jefferson, Rousseau or Mazzini; judicial systems cannot be created overnight; banking suddenly turns out to be a very fine art; and brutal expropriation is an illusory shortcut to riches. Yet the demand of the underdeveloped countries (admittedly not all of them former colonies) for material aid becomes more and more emphatic, playing for their advantage the existing world tensions. Alternatively they turn to Washington and Moscow (occasionally also to London and Peking) for help and more often than not they get it. The whole procedure is known in legal parlance as blackmail. Should we yield to it or not?

The question remains whether the underdeveloped (or, to use an even more curious expression, the "underprivileged") nations have a moral right to *demand* material assistance. Such a moral right would exist if owing to colonial suppression or exploitation their living and health standards had suffered in the immediate past. The Eskimos of Greenland, Alaska and Canada who have been victims of tuberculosis brought in by the white man might have reason and right to request our aid, and so have certain Indian tribes. Yet in the rest of the ex-colonial world the benefits derived from Western domination have greatly exceeded the *real* grievances. Democracy in Europe, suicidal in so many respects, has also dismissed the claims of European nations to overseas possessions. And just as democracy, in keeping with Madison's forecast, has fomented the irrational demand for economic equality among individuals it is now bemused by the vision of equality in living standards among the nations. More and more it becomes scandal for one nation to live better than another. The Papuans and Hottentots today demand the amenities enjoyed by other nations which have labored painfully to develop industrial civilizations of plenty. They want to reap a harvest where they have not sown. Obviously, they have no inherent right.

I do not mean to imply by this that Europeans consider overseas help superfluous. Some of them see in the West's helping hand a good psychological investment in a torn world, some sort of advance payment on a not-quite-existing friendship. Others view these aids as expression of Christian charity, of the great *liberalitas Christiana*. They all, however, energetically reject the notion of debt or guilt. They recognize that the art of giving is a very exquisite one, that receivers are easily offended and that gratitude is the rarest of all virtues. Practically no one adheres to the doctrine of an economic democracy on a global scale. To support such a notion, with our money or our minds, would be the West's undoing.

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Boo Hoo

NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR.

Enough! an observer screams, surveying the lachrymose wreckage that followed Charles Van Doren's Washington performance. And asks: Who are in Van Doren's *apparat?*

When Crying Charlie Van Doren, the Eggheads' Bill Rosensohn, finally got around to testifying before the Harris Committee, there wasn't a dry eye in the house. Make no mistake: puling, mewling, perjured pedagogue or no, he wowed 'em. It was the sudsiest performance to open in Washington in many a moon, rivalled in utter unctuousness only by the Dick Nixon and Checkers Show, and drew rave notices.

The spectacle of a congressional committee being had by this maudlin fake was not enough: it was followed by the soppiest collection of public tributes since the death of Lou Gehrig. People who ought to know better suckered up like marks on the midway. Dave Garroway broke up in the middle of a Method rendition of "Friends, Romans, Countrymen," and had to be helped off the set. Ed Sullivan quoted Shakespeare and Cervantes and, as an afterthought, threw in the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam. It was quite a week for Charlie. He was compared to Julius Caesar, Nathan Hale, Shoeless Joe Jackson (a canard on Joe, a man of considerable charm), Roger Casement, Herbert Hoover, St. Paul and Nat Holman. (Charlie's own taste modestly ran, in an interview with *Newsweek,* to Oedipus Rex—"Some explosion had taken place in me, too. . . .")

"Don't forget," quoth Hy Gardner, "Lillian Roth came back." (Indeed she did, and in time to be on hand for The Fix.) Everyone got into the act, whatever his politics. Jack Paar and Dorothy Kilgallen chimed in, along with the New York *News, Mirror,* and *Journal-American.* Smarmy Charlie, expecting mixed reviews at best, had taken the trouble to send tender *billets douxs* to some of the New York press. They hit hard, and went right along with The Weeper, Sincerely Regretting in every edition.

How did this noxious weakling become a folk hero overnight? The situation begins with the incredible gullibility of the American public, a national state of mind which is aided and abetted, encouraged, perverted, subverted, and finally skewered by what is cynically called "the communications industry." The power exerted over the public mind by the television industry, and ultimately, the advertising agencies, enables stumblebums to don pancake makeup and emerge as first-raters.

A Liberal Household

That kind of alchemy happens to be an old Van Doren family custom. Congenitally tender-minded, this tribe of scribblers and prattlers has gone further with less than any family in recent history, not excepting the Trapps. Carl was an overrated historian; Mark is an inconsequential poet and critic, with the basic instincts of a flack. He is a kind of left-wing Mr. Chips, once in the news for some hanky-panky in the Hiss-Chambers case; an all-around Nice Guy. Both these luminaries married ladies with some influence in literary *kaffe klatsches,* and both played the game to the hilt. Through this parlay of incessant scribbling, literary log-rolling (all Van Dorens are inveterate book reviewers), and Seventh Avenue approach to culture, the family has prospered. Dan Enright and Henry Luce tapped them for America's Great Families. We've come a long way from the Lowells and *God Save the Mark.*

Young Charlie grew up in a Greenwich Village house full of Talk and Ideas. The Van Dorens are, among other things, Liberals, and the house must have been a beehive in the halcyon days of the New Deal. As Liberals in good standing, it was incumbent upon the tribe to belong to the usual causes, committees and fronts, and to attend their quota of indignation meetings. The Van Dorens are indefatigable joiners. The gloppy mass of ill-digested ideas, discussed by these political naifs, dilettantes, and semi-literates, must have been heady brew for an impressionable boy growing up in New York.

The frosting on the cake was the High School of Music and Art. Charlie had shown an interest in such diverse fields as astronomy, literature and the clarinet, and was considered fairly promising by his teachers. In due course he was shipped off to St. John's College, a kind of Maryland farm club for the University of Chicago. Boywonder Hutchins and neo-Thomist Adler sent a pair of world federalists, Scott Buchanan and Stringfellow Barr, down to run the circus at St. John's, where the *modus operandi* was to hire graduate English students from cow colleges to teach country boys from western Maryland what weighed down Aristotle, Harvey and Euclid. St. John's was a natural for Charlie, and vice versa.

He enjoyed a status on the campus (being a Van Doren at St. John's is something like being a Sarnoff at WNTA-TV), but left after two years to join the army. He appears to have spent his war playing and winning, by a mathematical system he devised, at poker. *Time* (whose cover story on Van Doren in 1956 was a classic example of how the *au courant* could be conned) observed that he had the "nerve and courage of a riverboat gambler." (No dice: no nerve, no courage. *Chutzbah,* maybe.)

Van Doren returned to St. John's after the war, and presently took off for Columbia to go Academic in his father's bailiwick. He vacillated between math and English, took an M.A., went off to Cambridge and then to France. After Cambridge, Charlie decided to do something original, so he moved on to Paris, bought

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a beret, and wished he'd known Zelda Fitzgerald. He fell out with his father and began to show the tendencies toward exhibitionism which have characterized his later career. He began work on a novel about a boy who wanted to kill his father. But in time, Charles and Mark patched it up, the prodigal returned to Bleecker Street and Papa got him a job teaching a section of English at Columbia. A little-contemplated fact is his sluggish academic record. He received his Ph.D a full seventeen years after first entering college, and did not submit his thesis until early this year—when not passing him at Columbia would have raised more of a furore than busting out Pat Boone, Charlie's rival for campus honors.

The Big Build-Up

The rest is as familiar to tabloid readers as Debbie, Eddie and Elishaba. The "new face," the big money, the adulation, the whirlwind courtship, the baby. All this time, Van Doren was spending money in the manner of Scott Fitgerald's Oil Indian, George T. Horseprotection. He bought a penthouse overlooking Central Park (West), two European cars, the old house on Bleecker Street, and Lord knows what all. But the money rolled in. His $50,000 job at NBC was only the pump-primer. There were movie and book offers, business offers, personal appearances. There was a plan to run him for Congress against Republican John Lindsay in Manhattan's Silk Stocking district. There were even Van Doren For President clubs. Charlie remained boyish and, above all, Sincere. NBC president Robert Kintner, an old-time New Dealer, saw in Van Doren the hottest TV property since Milton Berle. Big plans were in the making for a *Charles Van Doren Show* to top CBS's Ed Sullivan. In the meantime, he was being seasoned in the Washington Bureau and on Dave Garroway's *Today* ("where I read seventeenth-century poetry, a far cry from the diet of rape and . . . murder. . . ," a cultural endeavor in which he was preceded only by the makers of Benson and Hedges cigarettes). Things were copacetic. Life, in Rudy Vallee's phrase, "was just a Cherrabowlies." Then that nasty, neurotic Stempel blew the whistle.

If Van Doren had palmed himself off as Hero, Herbert Stempel was a Villain straight from Central Casting —fat, greasy, gross, doubtless double-dyed. Charlie went pious and denied all, on the advice of Albert Freedman, producer of *Twenty-One*. He apparently satisfied his betters at NBC, and they agreed to keep him on. Van Doren believed that Freedman, at any rate, would protect him, and, acting on that belief, he made palpably false public statements, lied to his family and even to his lawyer, made a false statement to the New York district attorney and perjured himself before the Grand Jury. Freedman's moral fiber, of course, turned out to be made of gossamer stuff, which Charlie had not anticipated. The producer sang like a Hartz Mountain canary, and Charlie was left holding the bag. A subpoena was issued, and he panicked, cried, broke and ran. Frank Hogan, who should certainly know better, was all sympathy for Charlie. "Harrowing ordeal," said the D.A. "Tough mental struggle," he added, and even mentioned the word "contrition." But the Little-Old-Lady routine (she was the "final influence" who made him spill) was too much even for a sympathetic Hogan, who surmised that the Freedman indictment had scared the wit out of Charlie.

If Hogan, an able and dedicated public official and a trustee of Columbia, was indiscreet, Louis Hacker, former dean at Columbia, long-time friend of Mark Van Doren, and foreman of the Grand Jury, was downright improper. There is, for one thing, evidence of favoritism: Freedman was indicted, Van Doren was not. Hacker should have excused himself from the deliberations. Since he did not, his statements about the "persecution" of Van Doren came in extremely bad taste from a Grand Jury foreman on behalf of an admitted felon.

A more amusing tale is that of Villain Freedman's initial seduction of this upstanding youth. It was read, accompanied by yuks from the gallery, into public record that Freedman took Charlie into the bedroom for the purpose of getting his consent. (Did Charlie think Freedman wanted to show him his etchings?) Charlie did smarten up some toward the end. When Freedman intimated that he would appreciate access to $5,000 of Charlie's winnings, Van Doren was "shocked."

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, everybody from Kintner to Frank Stanton, his opposite number at CBS, was having his troubles. Jack Barry, who was named *Mad* magazine's Man of the Year the same year that Mark and Charlie were chosen as the nation's top father-son combo, had nothing to say to nobody. Shirley Bernstein, sister to the ineffable "Lenny," insisted on kickbacks and got minks and trips to Europe for *her* part in the shenanigans. (The Bernsteins may become the Van Dorens of the music world; the two families were made for each other.) Hank Bloomgarden, another Liberal hero (he was being groomed to run against Carmine De Sapio and Corrupt Tammany Hall), has lost his sheen and stands exposed as merely another crook and perjurer. Charlie Revson, Clark Clifford notwithstanding, may face a contempt or perjury indictment. Max Hess, the poor man's Bernard Goldfine, was worried enough to bring along a string of lawyers led by former Attorney General J. Howard McGrath, who has had some experience of his own in affairs of this sort. Hal March shouted "witch hunt." Even Joel Kupperman (now following Charlie to a Ph.D degree) and the Quiz Kids were fixed. Xavier Cugat played the game. (Is nothing sacrosanct?) And, finally, little Patty Duke, now appearing in *The Miracle Worker*, the story of Helen Keller, was in on it. Oh my!

Don't just imagine that Charlie's going to fade away like that Old Soldier. He's going to be *worse* than a reformed drunk. There are already rumblings from Billy Graham's camp, and if they get Mickey Cohen, Frank Clement and Jimmy Karim into the act, they can play to SRO in Yankee Stadium. (Charlie can do the Johnny Ray bit with *Deep River*: "When my tears join the river, Fathoms deeper it will be . . .") It would, for all that, serve no useful purpose to send Charlie to jail. The climate of opinion being what it is, he would be treated as a Tom Mooney or a Caryl Chessman (that other young American intellectual). Let Liberaldom's Mossadegh also get a commuted sentence. He too wants, and deserves, to live.

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

As the Left Goes, So Goes Harvard

Nixon is running almost four to one over Rockefeller in the public polls, but not everywhere. Last week a student organization polled the Harvard faculty, and it develops that up there it's Rockefeller 5-1! Now this discrepancy is worth contemplating; worth agonizing over, as a matter of fact, because even though there are many more people than Harvard professors, the imbalance is something we are supposed to regret. There never was, I suppose, anything like the current national self-consciousness, not to say hysteria, about Education and the dire need for it. Granted much of the interest in education is utilitarian, much of it synthetic, some of it fetishistic; still there is abroad a genuine respect for the life of the mind, the feeling that indeed in the donnish life of the professor is to be found the realm of stately mansions and noble dialogue.

In politics, someone somewhere observed, all the operative knowledge gained by man in the course of the highest pursuits becomes uniquely relevant. Through politics, it can be contended, man can respond most completely to terrestrial challenges. Isn't almost all knowledge relevant to the problem of guiding the ship of state? All one's knowledge of history, of philosophy, of human nature; one's concern, material and humane, for oneself and for humankind, all come to bear on political problems. There is scope here for the practice of idealism, and here also is the great challenge of self-restraint, sensitively met only by those few who are in harmony with reality. Politics can be a sublime art. One would think it would be more widely practiced at Harvard.

Instantly we see that there is no fixed correlation between education, by which the people set so much store, and political intelligence. The generality does not rest merely on the putative superiority of Nixon over Rockefeller, and the dumbfounding failure of the Harvard professors to see it. It is plain that wisdom simply does not follow automatically upon intellectual training. There are probably not a half dozen professors at Harvard either as tutored or as natively bright as Trotsky was: yet most of them, we hasten to say, are sounder politically. By acclamation, Professor Harlow Shapley is considered among the brightest of Harvard's heavenly bodies—and he wanted us all to vote for Henry Wallace in 1948; and when we refused to, he presided over a historical gathering of academic and artistic fellow travelers at the Waldorf-Astoria early in 1949, to denounce in vulgar accents American warmongering and neo-fascism. Who during the thirties and forties contributed more to American literary discernment than Harvard's Professor F. O. Matthiessen?—who divided his time between making exquisite belletristic distinctions and promoting a thuglike obtuseness with respect to the meaning and brutality of Communism. But these are the political queers, and all campuses have them. Political Harvard is not in the hands of the Harlow Shapleys, but of the Arthur Schlesingers and Sam Beers—and even of men less extreme, and certainly less noisy: those who (here we get into the heavy numerical majorities) would prefer Rockefeller to Nixon.

Having rejected the brains-judgment correlation, we ask: How do we account for the phenomenon? Rockefeller is more polished than Nixon? But who *ever* was coarser than Truman?—and they loved him. Rockefeller's career? Sit the typical Harvard professor down at a desk and order him to write about Rockefeller's career and what is to be deduced from it and you will find a squalid ignorance. They know nothing about Rockefeller (very few people do) beyond the fact that he emits erotic ideological vibrations. What then is left? Symbolism. Nixon symbolizes the Right in this country, and does so quite apart from whether he is its adequate symbol; Rockefeller symbolizes the (non-radical) Left; and the academic community is in spiritual league with the Left, while the people are, though infinitely manipulable, impossibly feckless—in their own peculiar way, conservative. The conservative will get more support from the people than from the academicians. Robert Alphonso Taft failed to get ten per cent of the Yale vote in an Eisenhower-Taft poll early in 1952: failed even in a community in which he had been educated, where he had acquired the highest honors, intellectual, moral and social; where his father, as an ex-President of the United States, had retired to teach the law; whose record in the Senate had been one distinguished by high purpose, thoughtfulness and integrity; failed to get ten per cent in a contest with a renowned ignoramus, a good man of ingratiating manner, who never in his lifetime, so far as is known, has generated a single thought that could engage the attention of serious men, *e.g.*, the scholars and gentlemen of Yale.

Ça va toujours à gauche, we hear it said so often, and it is in the main true. There are deep reasons, historical and philosophical, and unintimated here, which contribute to an understanding of why the academy should, year after year, support the Left. It is worth observing here how thoughtless, how anti-intellectual, if one wants the technical word, is the sentiment of the majority of the academicians. Their political apathy, whence their unsophistication and wantonness presumably derive, is partly due to the sordidness of political life, about which everyone knows, which causes them, and so many others, to shrink from intimate involvement. In part they are repelled by some of the inescapable implications of the mass-democracy which is the Liberals' Frankenstein. But mostly we have here nothing more than an inertial affinity for leftward politics, which traces back to the passionate romance between the Intellectuals and the Left during the age of the revolutions. That is partly why, predictably, and in large numbers, they continue to register their conformist solidarity with the man to the Left of the other man, whoever he is.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Teachers' Tenure

Some months ago, in this page, I gave an account of the admirable statement of school policy drawn up by the school board of Ferndale, Michigan. Since then, the Ferndale school board has had trouble with the educationist hierarchy, as was to be expected, and has been roundly denounced by the Michigan Education Association's journal. But the board's statement and policies, intended to bring about a return to genuine intellectual disciplines, have won public approval: for both of the "traditionalist" candidates for the school board were victorious in the recent school elections, and the board now consists entirely of "traditionalists"—the designation conferred upon them as an epithet by their Progressive adversaries (who call themselves, of all things, "Realists"!)

And there has been trouble with the Progressive school administrators in Ferndale. One of these, an ultra-Progressive and "adjustment" zealot named Scott Street, was principal of Best School, within the Ferndale system. Mr. Street simply refused to comply with the school board's announced program of reform. Quite rightly, the school board then removed him as principal, although retaining him as a teacher and assigning him to counselling. Mr. Street and his friends endeavored to get up a public agitation against the school board, but failed to rouse such support for Mr. Street's attitude. They also appealed to the Michigan courts to reinstate Mr. Street; their case promptly was thrown out of court, the judge ruling that the school board by statute must select and dismiss the administrators who are to carry out its policies.

Then, however, Mr. Street appealed to a mysterious new sort of administrative tribunal, a state teachers'-tenure board created last year by the Michigan legislature, and doubtless incubated by the Michigan Education Association and the state superintendent of public instruction. This new board sustained Mr. Street, declaring that the Ferndale school board could not remove a principal from his office because that would be violation of his tenure as a teacher! This apparently would leave school boards no effective powers except those of appointing administrators initially, and of trying to raise money. From this decision of an administrative tribunal, the Ferndale school board appealed to the Supreme Court of Michigan. The Supreme Court has agreed to hear this case concerning the vaguely-defined powers of the teachers'-tenure board. Meanwhile, however, Mr. Scott Street has resigned from the Ferndale schools altogether, going off to Libya to introduce Progressive and Permissive methods to the unfortunate offspring of American troops stationed there.

This Ferndale case raises questions of national concern. If school boards have no real control over their own administrators, what becomes of the "democracy in education" about which the Deweyites talk incessantly? Local school boards are elected by popular vote, and represent the opinion of the community. Theoretically, America still is a territorial democracy—or rather, a congeries of many territorial democracies. If popularly-elected school boards have no real control over what is to be taught to their children, and how it is to be taught, what happens to democracy? If we are now governed in education not by the principles of territorial democracy, but rather by a closed elite of doctrinaire educationists, we ought to be told so, rather than fed with slogans about democracy. I am not saying that all school boards are wise; many of them are very foolish. But I think that school boards, for all their faults, are sounder than is the patronage network of Teachers College, Columbia.

The doctrine that any superintendent or principal has a lifelong right to his administrative post, because he happens to be a teacher, is without precedent. Even in those universities and colleges most sedulous for academic freedom, no one argues that the president and the deans are irremovable because they also happen to be professors. Holding an administrative office is not the same thing as engaging in scientific research or discussing first principles in the classroom. Administrative officers necessarily must be responsible to the board of trustees which, in law, governs an educational institution; if they are not so held responsible, the tail wags the dog, and administrative bureaucrats become oligarchs able to defy the trustees, the teachers, and the general public. The Ferndale board did not interfere with Mr. Street's post as teacher, or with his salary; it merely relieved him of his administrative powers.

Much nonsense, indeed, is talked about the tenure-rights of public-school teachers; and in some states and communities, those teachers have acquired privileges which make it extremely difficult to weed out the incompetent or irresponsible teacher, a curse to his students and his colleagues. Public-school teachers, true enough, should be treated decently, and assured of reasonable security of employment. They ought to be protected against arbitrary interference by domineering administrators or silly parents. But they ought not to expect to enjoy the same degree of academic freedom that prevails in universities and colleges. For the university and the college, if they are worthy of their names, are not simply schools for instruction, but centers of inquiry and debate. The public school, however, is primarily an institution for communicating received opinions and bodies of information to the young. The school teacher is engaged in a work of imparting facts and beliefs already accepted. His latitude of interpretation ought not to be unlimited; he is not employed as a philosopher or a social reformer. To guarantee him a tenure virtually absolute is to infringe upon the rights of school boards, parents, and children, especially in a system of *compulsory* education. Teachers have rights—but not teachers only.

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To Make the Crooked Straight

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

"Air, gentlemen, give me air!" This, the reaction of Hilaire Belloc to the Oxford dons of his day, was my own to *Issues in University Education* (edited by Charles Frankel, Harper, $3.95), a collection of essays written by ten American professors of our day. While two or three of the contributors do talk good sense, at least fitfully, the performance taken in the whole and by the handful has neither eloquence of period nor vigor of thought—and is the worse for what it purports to be: the distilling of the essence of the American academy for the benefit of foreign scholars pursuing research and teaching in our universities under the auspices of the Smith-Mundt and Fulbright Acts.

In an essay given over to "Universities in the Modern World," Professor Richard McKeon of the University of Chicago masks an intellectual nihilism concerning the ends of university education under a jargon of which the following is no more than representative: "It is possible to raise these questions [*i.e.*, questions concerning the order and hierarchy of intellectual disciplines] without becoming enmeshed in the complexities of controversies concerning the objectives of education or the structure of knowledge or the ends of life, by reexamining our recent experience to understand the causes underlying the changes we have encountered." I call this intellectual nihilism because Professor McKeon, while possibly too willing to discuss the immense problems facing the modern university, is altogether too unwilling to face up to his task as philosopher: *i.e.*, to put some order into intellectual chaos and thus justify his existence as a scholar within the West, as a man who finds—if only as a conviction—and who imposes—if only as a hope—hierarchy and harmony, those twin enemies of barbarism.

But this intellectual nihilism is joined to moral nihilism when Professor McKeon, discussing the rise of interest in Western science and technology throughout the East, links the decent, the indifferent, and the damned, thus jumbling together things which mind cannot and conscience must not unite. Listen to his words: "In the large retrospect of the movements of peoples in the twentieth century, the stirrings of the Chinese people under Sun Yat-sen, of the Indian people under Gandhi, *and of the Russian people under Lenin* [my italics] were, for all the differences of cultural values, economic programs, and political ideology which distinguished them, expressions of a hope for new possibilities to relieve misery and to satisfy wants."

The United States and Russia have meaning today, it seems, because of their dedication to "technological advance and to assisting and guiding others to acquire its methods and benefits." I wonder if the Soviet tanks belching death in the streets of Budapest were spreading "technological advance" to the backward Hungarian people, and I wonder if the Tibetan tribesmen who guided their god-king to safety through the snows were rejecting with reactionary perversity the kind efforts of their Marxist masters to assist and guide them in the path of scientific rectitude!

We have here in Professor McKeon (and he is but typical of most of the authors of this compilation) that breakdown in realism, that principled refusal to live within the world as it actually exists, which Eric Voegelin has denominated a latter-day "gnosticism." While shy about fixing the ends of the university, the gnostic academician is mystically convinced that Education—no matter what It might be or for what end—will heal our problems and make right the crooked ways of the world. Instead of reaffirming our principles and tightening our belts for the Armageddon to come, we are urged to spend less time criticizing the peoples' democracies and more time in publishing, through UNESCO, editions of Western classics in "democracy, justice, liberty, equality, and fraternity." Here we have linked with gnosticism an inability to distinguish between, on the one hand, the slogans of The Terror, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity —and democracy (an instrument of government, itself ontologically and ethically neutral, as Mr. Buckley has demonstrated in his recent *Up from Liberalism*); and, on the other hand, Justice: a principle sacred and an imperative needed by a world that largely knows it not.

THE American University, while not nearly so monolithically secularist and liberal as *Issues in University Education* would suggest, is sufficiently dominated by thinking of the type that has gone into this book, that the Christian and traditionalist might well ask himself the following question: What is it that produces a gnosticism preaching a heaven on earth through an education devoted to the application of scientific techniques to every problem and dimension within the spectrum of human existence; that deprecates the intellectual and exalts the rational, maintaining as a matter of principle that the progressive broadening of university education will work mechanically to the betterment of the human race; and that extends this doctrine to the power conflict within the world?

The economy of a review prevents my attempting an essay toward the solution of this problem, but *Issues in*

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University Education provides a clue to the academy's failure to assert our Western heritage in the face of Soviet Communism. Liberalism and Communism are different things, but they do have a common ancestor, an ancestor that makes it morally and intellectually impossible for Liberalism to confront Communism with integrity and courage. That common ancestor is rationalism. Both Liberalism and Marxism have grown out of an urge to de-sacramentalize and thus disenchant the world; both represent a compulsion, itself irrational in origin, to eliminate every non-rational and transcendent aspect of human existence.

The proof haunts almost every page of this book. Its common rationalism stalks the decent if not eloquent prose of the celebrated J. Robert Oppenheimer, director of the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton. According to this renowned moralist, human values flowered in the Moslem renaissance which was stopped about the year 1100, stopped—according to Dr. Oppenheimer—by "military conquest and religious orthodoxy."

LET US pause here and meditate long, those of us who belong to Christendom. What to us was the salvation of Western civilization, symbolized by the painful reconquest of Spain—launched in Asturias by men who knew the meaning of human dignity under God—to Dr. Oppenheimer was the destruction of a civilization based on "human values." What were these human values? That awful simplicity that came riding out of the desert proclaiming the evil of images and the destruction of all art? That barbarism preaching a God so lonely that He knew neither Son nor Love? That sly puritanism that reduced women to concubinage and shrivelled heaven to a brothel?

Against *that* hideous heresy, Dr. Oppenheimer, we launched the Crusades and all the lances of Europe. We launched them in the name of religion and in the name of orthodoxy. And unless the American academy in the days to come has the same courage to affirm a common allegiance to the religious and moral traditions of our civilization against an infinitely more hideous barbarism, then hope shall indeed have departed from the West.

Mind's Eye View of a City

ROBERT PHELPS

ANYONE who has ever read one of Mary McCarthy's books—her theater criticism, any of her novels, her portrait of Venice—will remember her most impressive faculty: she can generalize at the drop of a hat, and with so much assurance and agility that particulars of every persuasion must shake in their boots when she passes by. Watching her mind at work, I have often wondered if there were any situation at all, any clutter of detail, any heterogeneity of appearance which she could not find a generalization to regiment and tidily contain. She is a little like the pianist who calls for random notes from the audience and improvises a tune out of them then and there. Of course other writers have been equally apt at this sort of thing: Auden, for one, and Lawrence certainly. But Mary McCarthy is less personal, less needful-seeming, than either of these. She is cool, crisp, detached; and indeed it is not so much her generalizations themselves which are fascinating as the parquetry cunning with which she can make so many apparently uninclined, even balky, minutiae fit into her design.

In *The Stones of Florence* (Harcourt, $15.00), her subject is again an entire city—its history, geography, people, traffic, economy, art, *genius loci*. Venice she had found a city of masks, of make-believe and deception and feminine guile. Florence is just the opposite: "a manly town . . . a city of endurance, a city of stone . . . a terrible city . . . uncomfortable and dangerous to live in, a city of drama, argument, and struggle." This is not a very original insight, to be sure. In one of his best novels, *Aaron's Rod,* Lawrence's hero stood in the Piazza della Signoria, looked up at the unprettied perpendicular of the Palazzo Vecchio, and said the same thing. But Lawrence spoke from instinct, and bothered to argue his case with only a glancing evocation of "the wonderful hawk-head of the old palace" and "the great, naked men in the strong, inviolate square."

Mary McCarthy proceeds from a rationale, and expands her view into a formidable sixty thousand words. She moves from Cataline to the Risorgimento, from Cosimo de Medici's sodomy laws to Tuscany farming methods; from the Palazzo Pitti to the unfrivolous elegance of a Florentine umbrella; from Brunelleschi's plan for raising the Duomo to Veccello's mystic love of perspective;

from the rebuilding of the Santa Trinita bridge to "the cold, vain stare of Michelangelo's 'David,' in love with his own strength and beauty"—and her "A" theme emerges intact, bristling, brilliant. The amount of sheer work that must have gone into her text is staggering, yet everything is mitred and inlaid by the time the reader encounters it, and the summary effect is exactly that of a mosaic in which some large simple image—a cross or a star—has been wrought out of tiny bits of vari-colored stone.

In addition, the book itself is very beautiful — album-sized, printed in Switzerland, and designed by Janet Halverson with a "truthfulness and restraint, both characteristically Florentine," which Miss McCarthy's foreword justly acknowledges. And finally, there are some of the most uncanny photographs ever taken. These, by Eleanor Hofer, look at the architecture of Florence with the relentless dispassion of a shaving mirror, rendering every pore, texture, and line of its quarried face with an intensity that seems more ideal (in the philosopher's sense of the word) than merely real—or even as perceived by a thoughtful eye.

At one point Miss McCarthy shrewdly analyzes the genius of Brunelleschi. His architecture, she says,

> is a species of wisdom, like Socratic or Platonic philosophy, in which forms are realized in their absolute integrity and essence: the squareness of square,

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the slenderness of slender, the roundness of round. A window, say, cut out by Brunelleschi is, if that can be conceived, a Platonic *idea* of existing windows in the aggregate but the eternal model itself.

Something of this same austerity, this taste for idea over substance, prevails in her own writing. She does not love incarnation, the thing itself, as much as some ideation of it. In philosophical thinking, even in the Brunelleschi work she is discussing, this seems right. But in imaginative writing, and especially when the subject is something so unplatonic, so sensual, so human, as a city nearly two thousand years old, it seems — what?—a little chill.

This may in part be because I have never myself been in Florence, and have therefore no physical experience of the city to bring to Miss McCarthy's idea of it. Certainly every other aspect of her book, its clean, vigorous sentence-making, its *fiorentinita,* as the Florentines would say, is a salutary delight. But something is missing. The spirit is unwarming, and I think it is worth reporting that when I had finished *The Stones of Florence,* I picked up and reread a novel called *Water Music,* by Bianca Van Orden, which was published a year ago and which also borrows the landscapes along the Arno. Like Mary McCarthy, its author is a woman, an American, and a very good writer of prose. But she apprehends experience — faces, gestures, smells, history, even ideas—with something more than her intellect; with her soul and body as well. I only know that her portrait of Florence imparts a tang, a zest, a joy which Miss McCarthy must not have felt, yet which, I am sure, was not just Miss Van Orden's importation. I recommend, therefore, that whoever may wish to give someone a really bonanza Christmas present this year will make up a package containing both *The Stones of Florence* and *Water Music*—a combination, incidentally, which one of our better book clubs ought sooner or later to consider.

Two Standards—or One?

M. STANTON EVANS

FACED WITH the challenge of Communism, the Liberal says that objective standards of right and wrong cannot exist in the affairs of nations, and that it is not up to us to criticize the "chosen way of life" of another people. Which means that we should never engage in "moralizing" about the imagined iniquities of the enemy, and that, in the interests of realism and "peace," we should always be ready to yield a thing or two. The Liberal response to Nazism was of course precisely the opposite. The fascist enemies of the United States, it was argued, were the personification of evil. With them there could be no compromise; their destruction was our duty. So radical a conflict of standards when the Red despotism and the Brown are in question suggests a condition of mind in which the normal processes of reasoning have given way to some non-logical obsession.

The insistent folly which marked our postwar dealings with our enemies and our allies is now being recorded in a growing number of "revisionist" books. Specifically, many shameful episodes of our brutal treatment of the defeated enemy are seeing the light of day.

F. J. P. Veale was one of the first to point out—in his book, *Advance to Barbarism*—that the Allied program of vengeance was a throwback to the savagery that enveloped warfare before the rise of civilization. Veale, a meticulous and discriminating jurist, has now contributed another volume to the literature of revisionism, a book called *War Crimes Discreetly Veiled* (Devin-Adair, $4). The title refers to a half-dozen baleful cases that developed from Allied insistence on abusing the forms of justice to work a mindless vengeance on the fallen enemy.

In each instance Veale draws attention to the role the Soviet Union—or its agents—played in involving its more civilized allies in the Communist practice of liquidating opponents of Bolshevism. The episodes examined include the famous Katyn Forest massacre of several thousand Polish officers, committed by the Soviets but attributed by them to the Nazis; the cold-blooded Communist murder of Mussolini and his mistress by Communist functionaries; the macabre story of a French doctor who attempted to excuse the murder of several dozen people on the grounds that they had collaborated with the Nazis; and the imprisonment of three German officers—a major who wiped out a band of Communist guerrillas engaged in harassing his troops from the rear (an act which is not a crime when committed by American or British officers); a general who defended a besieged position so valiantly that his American opponent commended both his shrewdness and his gallantry; and an admiral whose offense was to plan an invasion of Norway identical to one planned by Great Britain.

THE COMMON FEATURE of these incidents is that in each the definition of "crime" was made dependent on the identity of the person committing it, or on the politics of the victim. Acts were criminal if committed by the side that lost the war, innocent if committed by the side that won.

This perversion of law is itself shocking, but, given the hatreds and confusions that arise under the stress of war, it is to a degree understandable. What is not understandable is the further point raised by Mr. Veale —the fact that these episodes, and countless others like them, have indeed been "discreetly veiled," so that to this day the public has no idea of what really happened in the aftermath of the war. A "woe to the vanquished" policy might be excused in terms of the terrific pressures of an angry conflict; but a years-long blackout by scholars and publicists can hardly be viewed as an act of transient passion. It is a sustained effort which strongly suggests conscious determination.

The present writer, for example, can certainly understand a vehement dislike for the socialist regime of Benito Mussolini—better, perhaps, than the American statists who loudly proclaim their opposition to fascism. But such opposition cannot justify representing Mussolini's murder at the hands of Communists as an "execution," carried out in consequence

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of trial and conviction. Why, then, is Mussolini's death always so represented? Similarly, by what logic does opposition to the neurotic tyranny of Hitler justify the degradation of perfectly honorable German officers by branding them "war criminals"?

This persistent misrepresentation is not for want of information. The very books and articles which seek to root out and publish the truth of such matters are—as Professor Harry Elmer Barnes has pointed out—pulled quickly into the shadows of the "historical blackout." Meanwhile, some Liberal journals continue to preach distrust of Germany, while urging tireless patience with the crimes of the Soviet Union. The dissociation of values, apparently, is complete—the standard of right and wrong is indeed a double one.

Or is it? At the verbal level, the arguments outlined at the beginning of this review suggest a "double standard." But examined more closely, they reveal many crucial elements in common. The harsh and the soft lines of argument were both invented and publicized by the leading Liberals of the West; both bespeak a compulsive submission to dogma, ignoring the complex shape and substance of a difficult reality; both became enthroned as guiding principles of American foreign policy; and—in a final reconciliation no doubt pleasing to fans of the dialectic—both have rendered crucial service to the interests of the Soviet Union.

Biography by the Ground Rules

HUGH KENNER

PASSIONS open upon follies, and to the reading of biographies of men of letters we are tempted by our passion for the life of the mind, little enlightenment though these chronicles yield. We see the subject dickering with a landlord, or catching a train, or buying his wife a necklace: mere events, and full ones, which have gotten into the book because some record of them chances to exist, and biography must compile the records that chance to exist, however miscellaneous. From time to time he does something even less dramatic: he writes words on a sheet of paper. It is just here that there is nothing to say or to show; and just here lies the justication for taking up a reader's time with this life rather than that of the neighborhood grocer.

The words refer to events in the life: catching a train, dickering with a landlord: what else can they refer to? But these words written on paper, like new chemical compounds, are new molecular structures. Once created, they begin to alter the psychic economy of civilization as irrevocably, as insidiously, as the presence of vanadium steel or polyethylene alters it.

The telling difference between Constance Chatterley's surrender ("She was utterly incapable of resisting it. From her breast flowed the answering, immense yearning over him; she must give him anything, anything") and Mrs. Marion Bloom's ("yes and my heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes") is a difference in the molecular structure of language: the former, a Victorian survival applied to counter-Victorian situations, the latter a radical linguistic innovation, rhythm and syntax interlocked, assured. Which is why the presence or absence on American shelves of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* ultimately makes no difference except to the publishing trade and the custodians of the immature, while the presence of *Ulysses* has for some decades been slowly altering the world.

***JAMES JOYCE:* " . . . *the presence of* Ulysses *has for some decades been slowly altering the world.*"**

Biographers, meanwhile, compile and peddle their archaic wares, protected from the alchemical reality by some hypothesis. Mr. Richard Ellman, professor of English at Northwestern University, supposes that the writing is just the life re-thought, intelligible only in terms of what the writer took pains to keep out of it. "The life of an artist," he tells us, ". . . differs from the life of other persons in that its events are becoming artistic sources even as they command his present attention. . . . He shapes again the experiences which have shaped him. . . . In turn the process of reshaping experience becomes a part of his life, another of its recurrent events like rising or sleeping. . . ."

THIS HYPOTHESIS has kept the light out of Mr. Ellman's eyes for three books now; the latest (*James Joyce,* Oxford, $12.50) weighs three and a quarter pounds and extends to its subject's taste in neckties. Mr. Ellman is no more interested in the molecular structure of Joyce's prose than, earlier, he was in that of Yeats' verse. It was merely something extruded during these periods that so resemble "rising or sleeping." What the final episode of *Ulysses* suggests to him is that the "original" of Molly Bloom needs identifying, and identify her he does, as a composite of a Mrs. Charley Chance, a Signora Santos, a Signorina Popper, Matt Dillon's daughter, and Nora Joyce.

Again he tells us that " 'Leopold Bloom' was named with due deliberation. Leopold was the first name of Signorina Popper's father in Trieste. . . ." And if Signor Popper had chanced to be called Sebastian? Leopold Bloom was indeed named with due deliberation, to establish him as a bathetic lion whose very name is emasculated by the wife who calls him "Poldy," but one does not arrive at such facts by playing the biographical game according to the prevailing ground rules.

The ground rules exact first of all a heroic quantity of interviewing (in Dublin, London, Zurich, Trieste, Paris), library rummaging (Cornell, New Haven, Buffalo, Dublin, seven others), and liaison work with private collectors. In the thoroughness with which this leg-work has been undertaken, Mr. Ellman's book goes infinitely beyond the old Herbert Gorman biography, from which it

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was difficult to extract even a chronology. Even Eileen Vance, whom Joyce mentions on the first page of the *Portrait,* has been turned up, teaching at an Indian reservation near Saskatoon, and interviewed there. We next assemble everything we have found. Eileen Vance remembers the surpassing fairness of May Joyce's hair; to this we append a footnote, "It soon turned white," and this footnote we back by citing another interview in another place with another witness.

These witnesses are kept in their place, however; they merely saw and heard; they are not writing the book. Their function is to endorse Mr. Ellman's checks; at the bottom of page 163 there is even a supercilious glance at the illiteracy of one of them. After a hundred pages or so the checks on the reader's good faith are being drawn somewhat recklessly, and the superciliousness has prevailed long enough to be nearly unnoticeable. "The daydream of himself as Dr. Joyce, poet, epiphanist, and physician, surrounded by fair women . . ." —that, more than the color of May's hair, requires a footnote, and there is none, for we are now in the presence of Mr. Ellman's creative art.

Even when his text crawls with references, we are almost wholly dependent on the author's judgment. I have chatted a little in Dublin myself, and my information concerning such things as the originals of "Bartell D'Arcy" and "Blazes Boylan" differs wholly from what we are told in these pages. The conflict here is not between me and Mr. Ellman but between my Dublin informant and his: something to be weighed, resolved or left suspended if we are determined to pursue such unimportant questions. (In Mr. Ellman's notebooks there must have been hundreds of such discrepancies.) But Mr. Ellman has done his weighing in private. What he asserts is *so*: backed by a reference to an interview with someone whose credibility we have no means of assessing.

So much well-masticated triviality, furthermore, crowds almost wholly out of this book's scope whatever phases of the life of the mind a biography can expect to engage. Ezra Pound, for instance, "had been deep in the Imagist movement, under the influence of T. E. Hulme, but was about ready to leave it for Vorticism . . . ."; so radical and deliberate a shift in intellectual energies, reduced to the same plane as a choice of neckties. (I gather from the acknowledgments that Pound did not grant Mr. Ellman an interview, and suspect this may be why he is much condescended to in the text. It is true that this suspicion may be unjust, and that I may simply have been infected with suspiciousness during my sessions with the book. Mr. Ellman is never one to dodge the ascription of ulterior motives: thus he asserts that Joyce "regularly despatched notes of thanks to the reviewers so as to impress his name even more deeply upon their memories.")

The life of the mind, so far as Joyce himself led it, is allowed to amount to very little. Much energy has gone into chronicling the shillings various men lent him, how many, on what date, and whether

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they were repaid; but as for his books, it suffices to inventory their scenes and identify their characters and then, on page 562, to assert "the perception of coincidence" as the thing these four or five heroic books display to their readers. So much for thirty-five years of a great writer's time. It is legitimate to feel faintly superior to a man who could handle neither money nor wine, lived on the bounty of others, and was obsessed with the writing of books like that. He could never have held down an American professorship, it is clear. On the contrary, scholarly books embody *truth*, and so justify the disbursement to their authors of fellowships and grants-in-aid. "What a pity," another academic writer was once heard to remark, "that Joyce and Yeats did not live to read my book; it would have saved them so much time."

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JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

As a square who gets a charge out of such definitely middle class diversions as raising okra, reading Jane Austen, trying to turn a good figure skating "three" on ice, and enjoying family life, I doubt that Norman Mailer will consider me qualified to review the cool cat prose that is displayed in his *Advertisements for Myself* (Putnam, $5.00). Mr. Mailer thinks that all reviewers are dirty conformists, anyway; to him, they are engaged in a tacit conspiracy to murder all talent in the crib. In spite of his animosity toward anybody who regards him as slightly less important than Shakespeare or Dostoevsky, however, I promise Mr. Mailer that I will try to understand him before uttering a word of reprobation.

With the possible exception of James (*From Here to Eternity*) Jones, Mr. Mailer thinks he is the greatest, or the "most," of his literary generation. He believes positively in his talent. He has displayed this talent here in all its ramifications, using a running commentary to piece together an extended anthology of his work from the short stories he wrote at Harvard in the late thirties to his latest essays on the revolutionary implications of hipsterism and marijuana. Though humility is only a word to him, it must be said that he really has a gift. And, though I still remain bored with the cold sexuality of all his various versions of *The Deer Park*, I find myself willing to accept his own estimation of himself as the best of his contemporaries.

But what a waste of good talent on subjects that aren't really worth his little finger! He is led to his preoccupation with nonentities by an analysis of the social situation that seems to me completely upside down. Mr. Mailer thinks "society" is his enemy. Sometimes "society" erupts as "McCarthyism"; sometimes as "James Madison's Avenue"; sometimes as C. Wright Mills' "power elite" of generals, admirals and atomic armament salesmen, sometimes as "monopoly capitalists." It is "society" that forces "conformism" on the world's originals.

With his hostility to "society," Mailer takes up for anybody who rejects it. Hence his glorification of the hipster, the beatnik, the marijuana smoker, the person who tries to make a religion of the orgasm.

Mailer writes powerfully about a number of characters who get a supreme kick out of the mysticism of sex. Nevertheless, he cannot make the characters of *The Deer Park* and *The Time of Her Time* (his current work-in-progress) interesting, for they are all supremely stupid. Reduced to monomaniacal behavior, they lack the human variety, the unpredictability, of any good square.

Mr. Mailer evidently thinks it his duty to take up for his monomaniacs just to spite "society." But what is this great "machine" that he sees clamping down on all individualists? He can't really believe that society in America enforces any common sexual code on people: surely Kinsey must have mispelled once and for all the idea that this is a Puritan nation. He can't really believe that it is merely a conspiracy of the generals and the atomic armament salesmen that keeps us working to produce missiles and submarines: his own words about the vast miscarriage of justice in Soviet Russia indicate that he knows a threat when he sees one. He can't really believe that McCarthy terrorized the college campuses: after all, the only teachers who were deprived of advancement in the McCarthy period were those who tried to say that maybe Owen Lattimore wasn't a great patriot or that the Communist International wasn't really moribund. (If Mr. Mailer wants me to document this particular statement for him, I will be glad to do so.)

Indeed, if there is any criticism of "society" to be made today, it is that it has become weak and limp and totally unable to stand up for any values whatsoever. It is permissive with its children, idiotically "progressive" with its schools, and it lets the State step in to do the work that voluntary social groupings should be doing. Far from being the "assassin of us all," as Mr. Mailer accuses it of being, society has itself become one great beatnik. It wants the government to take care of it while it enjoys a hipster's irresponsibility from the cradle to the grave.

Since Mr. Mailer insists on standing on his head, I don't think I can make him listen to reason. But let me try to tell him something about us squares. We quit Greenwich Village twenty years ago because we found no difference between its mores and those of the country club set back home. We gave up on socialism because we discovered that Harold Laski was just a come-on man for a whole new set of drill sergeants. We decided that property was a good thing because if you have property you can kick prying brownnoses and bluenoses off it and live as you like. We decided that money was worthwhile because it gives you the power to maneuver and a feeling of freedom *vis-à-vis* the boss. Finally, we decided that some conventions were worth putting up with for the sake of protecting our own individual rights. If you are willing to obey a convention against murder, you have a better chance of remaining alive yourself; if you don't lie, other people will trust you. It's as simple as that.

The life of the square is better than the life of the beat or the hipster because it isn't compulsive. Where the hipster has to prove each day that he has the energy to go at a cool cat pace, the square can take it easy. True enough, the State may step in to require military service of both hipster and square, but who's to

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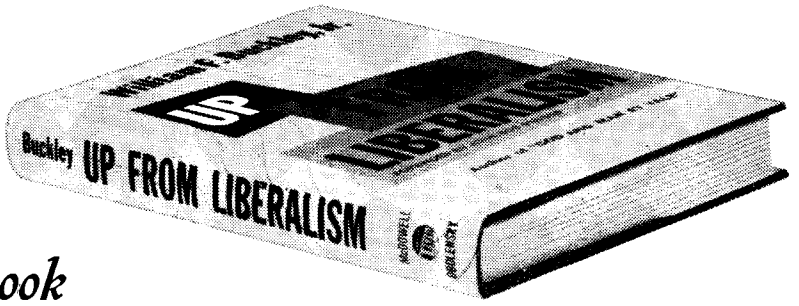

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blame for that? If Mr. Mailer's friends, the Marxists, hadn't kicked over the liberal Kerenskys and Miliukovs in Russia in 1917, the religion of the State would never have developed its ogreish qualities. If Lenin had never been, Hitler could hardly have imitated him.

I said I would try to understand Mr. Mailer before letting him have it. But I can't recognize his world. The only "conformism" that I see around me is the conformism which teaches our college students that Mr. Mailer's view of "society" is right. Our "individualists" are hypnotized by phantoms which just aren't there. And so I end up feeling sorry for Mr. Mailer. I wish he could be square—and free—like me.

Anxiety over Existence

STANLEY PARRY

WILLIAM E. HOCKING'S latest book (*Strength of Men and Nations*, Harper, $3.50) is written out of that Platonic "anxiety over existence" which gives birth to the search for salvation. It is, therefore, an important book. The subtitle tells us it is a "Message to the USA *vis-à-vis* the USSR." The burden of that message is that between the policy alternatives of appeasement with its spiritual death and militaristic rigidity with its catastrophic physical death, there is no choice. In both cases, Professor Hocking maintains, existence loses its meaning. With regard to the stasis of distrust between ourselves and the Soviet Union, we must break through it by an act "whose meaning cannot be misunderstood, an act releasing the tetanus which once broken is everywhere broken."

What this act is we are not told. Indeed the book unfolds on premises that suppose we simply cannot discover this creative diplomacy till we recover our power to see. At the core of his thought Hocking offers us not a solution to international power relations but a way of salvation: The only way out of the dilemma of international disorder, he asserts, leads through the human soul. For since the disorder in the world grows out of disorders in the modern soul, until these are cured disorder itself will remain.

Hocking's cure involves two movements of the spirit: a purifying descent into the depths of modern disorder and, consequent on this, a clear and steady view of the universal realities behind the flux of human affairs. The first half of his book is concerned largely with the descent; the second half largely with the view of universal reality and its consequence for policy. The first part is the valuable part. In it Hocking defines the problem of our disordered relations with ourselves, the world, and the USSR on its most meaningful level. In the midst of universal befuddlement so to define a problem is itself a valuable and positive contribution to its solution. With regard to the second part, it is well thought out and ruggedly argued, but inadequate. The universal realities identified are of themselves neither real enough nor universal enough to bear the burden of world order.

Before we can discover the way to international order we must experience the true nature and ultimate depths of the disorder into which we have fallen. Accordingly, Hocking begins by inviting us to a traumatic "Descent into Hades" where, stripped of cant and easy optimism, we experience the full impact of the threat to existence. A few trite phrases about the "bomb" will not do. We must probe "the entire depth of world-alienation." We must undergo the experience of "living consciously and aspiringly in a world devoid of sense and sensitivity," and "find the bottom of the meaningless accidentality of the physical biological universe." (pp. 210-211)

The direction of the descent into the hell of chaos is marked out for us by the USSR. For under Soviet domination Russia suffers vicariously for the sins of the West. It does so in the real sense that the evil system erected on the Russian people represents the extension of Western evils and errors to their ultimate corruption. The USSR, therefore, is the painting in which, like Dorian Grey, we can see our own souls. But unlike Dorian's, this vision will be our salvation, for it will break the chains that bind us to the cave of our contented and unreflective existence.

NOW ALL THIS sounds very mystical and unrealistic. It is the type of thing the practical man instinctively avoids. Yet in the end it is the only real way to confront the problem of disorder when disorder reaches down to the very basis of civilizational life. It is the way of Plato and Augustine, the way buried in Western man as a racial memory that springs to the fore whenever he faces a crisis in the order of his existence. Hocking, therefore, is appealing to the oldest wisdom at our command when he calls on us to experience in the depth of our own soul that crisis which so many intellectuals discuss as a conversation piece and politicians use as a marker in the great game. Mr. Hocking deserves a salute as one of the first American writers to achieve this level of approach to the problem of order.

It would be captious to find fault with specifics in the criticism of American life that flows from this approach to crisis. The criticism is deep—not so deep as some European criticism of the West but deep; and it displays a mind capable of urbane balance and possessed of a deep sensitivity to the wisdom of our tradition.

Nevertheless, that same tradition demands a fundamental disagreement with—to use a Platonic term—"the way up" to order that Hocking proposes. Hocking's idea of the universal reality that constitutes the paradigm of order is precisely the one that Plato rejects in the name of reason and Augustine rejects in the name of revelation. For he seeks the universal reality in the idea of man, in the reality of human nature. On the basis of the best wisdom in the West this approach is profoundly wrong if offered as an exclusive solution, and clearly inadequate if suggested as a direction of thought. It supposes that man is by himself the measure of order, a sophistic supposition Plato fought all his life, one which Augustine, with his characteristic vigor, called a "lie."

Human nature is the proximate measure of order but when the crisis is one of civilizational order this measure is itself distorted and can measure nothing. That nature is a primary datum of being is true enough, but it is a datum that man must fashion *according to a norm*

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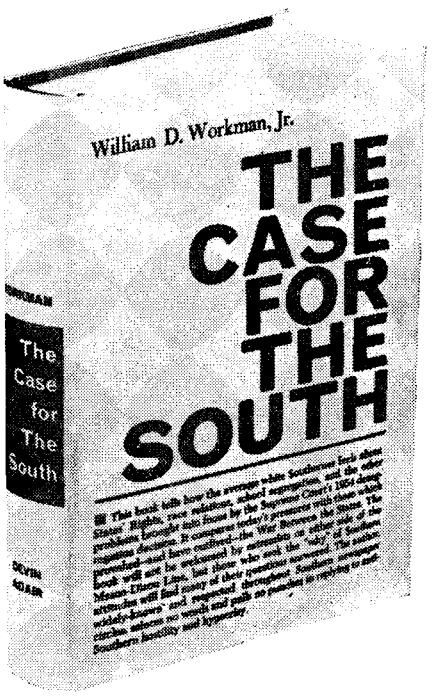

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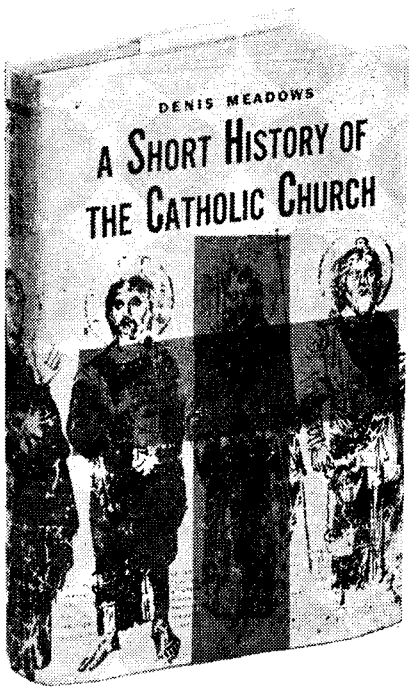

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that can be found only in the transcendent measure that measures man himself. The unique characteristics of the present crisis stress this point. For nature to the Communist mind is something to be dismantled and reformed according to the standards of dialectical materialism. The Communist regards the absolute values of Hocking as acquired bourgeois myths that can never be accepted as indices of right development. Between ourselves and the USSR the idea of human nature can never be a point of contact.

The one thing we can learn from the Communists is that one looks beyond man to find the order proper to him. The one error we can avoid is to look inward for our model. That model, as Plato and Augustine insist, each in his different way, is laid up in heaven. And only the mind that knows this ultimate reality can know the right order for man. So against Hocking we must regretfully say that man is the measure *only insofar as he is in turn measured by a superior reality.*

The tension between ourselves and the USSR is deeper than Hocking would admit. It goes beyond our common human nature, for the real issue between us is precisely on the nature of human nature. And this issue cannot be resolved by appeals to nature, for nature alone cannot give an answer.

The Thin World of the Snopeses

GARRY WILLS

WITH *The Mansion* (Random House, $4.75), William Faulkner concludes his trilogy of Mississippi's Snopes family. Since the first Snopes novel appeared in 1940, the Faulkner boom has been one of the Liberals' major claims upon the ages. Faulkner pretends to speak for the old South, and offers no salvationist methods of social improvement; but he is a Liberal for all that. He has no creed but compassion; he thinks in terms of society and its psychological patterns; his elaborate and slippery form of narrative is a means of escaping the focus of a single person's crisis. In *The Mansion,* all of his technical ability is exercised for making immediate things seem remote; sounds and sights and the sharpest physical thrusts come through many filters and mirrors of consciousness. The isolated intellect longs in vain for roots, obsessed by a need to return to earth, so that the sight of a farmer is a far-off vision resembling Prufrock's mermaids.

In *The Hamlet* (1940), Flem Snopes scratched his way out of the slime and achieved power by the total sacrifice of dignity. This was the epic stage of the trilogy, in which men live by mere force. There is a Helen in the tale, Eula, who is the center of the naked sex which crackles through a community bereft of all other mystical attractions—honor, the earth, the gods. Eula eventually becomes pregnant, and Flem—the one man who is clearly not the child's father—takes this opportunity to marry Eula. He uses the marriage and Eula's later alliance with Major de Spain to move from the hamlet of Frenchman's Bend to *The Town* (1957), becoming president of the bank in Jefferson, Mississippi. Flem's family swarms in on him, but he knows how to handle them. He stands by, for instance, and lets his cousin Mink go to prison for murder.

Thus far *The Hamlet* and *The Town.* Now ensconced in *The Mansion,* Flem becomes remote and impersonal in his prestige. He has even lost the energies which drove him from the slime. But, of course, those energies are at last explained, and seen not to be so occult after all. Flem is impotent. The will-power of the Snopeses has passed into the imprisoned Mink, and the intellect into Eula's daughter, Linda. The trilogy has by now passed from the epic to the tragic stage—from Helen to Electra, to the purgation of the cursed line. Mink, who has been drained of all but an iron determination, lives only to kill Flem. Linda, who is not really a Snopes, has been raised in Flem's house, and exploited by him. When Eula-Helen commits suicide, Linda-Electra escapes from Mississippi and marries a sculptor in Greenwich Village; but the sculptor goes to the Troy of all Liberal heroes —the Spanish civil war—where he dies and she is deafened. Fate brings Linda back to Flem's house.

When Mink has only two more years to serve in prison, Linda has him paroled so that she may have a part in the destruction of Flem. Mink kills the head of the family, then sinks happily into the earth; Linda has a Jaguar ready to roar out of the garage as soon as Flem dies.

THE STORY is told by many voices and minds, but primarily—in this sector of the cycle—by Gavin Stevens, the lawyer who yearned for Eula from afar and serves Linda as best he may. He is a spectator who cannot act in any way; whose intellect wraps things in cotton, freezing reality by mere concentration. Other commentators, wise men in the way of back-alley heroes, play Nestor and Chalchas. Montgomery Ward Snopes, the dirty-picture entrepreneur of the earlier novels, here reveals the clinical experience gained in his line of business. V. K. Ratcliff, a comparative outsider, pities and predicts.

The story is simple and even sentimental in its outline—the village sage, the downtrodden peasant, the successful rascal, the good prostitute —but the manner of narration is false through and through. The brooding egocentricity of the clerkly mind poisons everyone in exactly the same degree. The book jacket promises humor, but there is only the irony of a self-devouring intellect in these events. The Prufrock dilemma is completely out of place in a Mink, whose humor would be cruder and more sane. The Snopes poison does not come from Mississippi marshes but from the quagmires of paralyzed art and thought—from the centers of modern civilization.

Faulkner has not found roots or cleansing earth in Yoknapatawpha County; he has merely spread the intellect's disease into areas where men have laughter, if nothing else. The

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

MEMOIRS: TEN YEARS AND TWENTY DAYS, by Admiral Karl Doenitz (World, $6.00). Admiral Doenitz was Hitler's personal choice to be the second and last Fuehrer of the Third Reich; and although Doenitz ruled but twenty days (just long enough to arrange the unconditional surrender of an utterly defeated Germany), his experience and opinions are extremely interesting and historically valuable. Doenitz gives a striking picture of just how bitter was the hour of defeat for Germany; and he says a great many other things about Allied policies and actions, about General Eisenhower, etc., which lead one to ponder how much we ourselves lost in the German disaster. But Doenitz was Fuehrer for only twenty days: he had commanded Germany's U-boat arm for the preceding ten years, and the bulk of this large volume is concerned with that phase of his career. It, too, makes fascinating reading; but the casual reader will no doubt find the finely detailed mass on submarine operations boring. The meat of the book is crammed into the last pages, and it is meaty indeed.

J. P. MCFADDEN

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY, by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt Jr. (Doubleday, $5.75). In memoirs written with a fine sense for detail—her shoes grew moss during the rainy season in Manila!—Eleanor B. Roosevelt recreates the career of a man dedicated to his country, who served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as Governor of Puerto Rico and of the Philippines (when news came that Hoover had been defeated and reporters asked his relationship to F.D.R. he answered, accurately, "Fifth cousin about to be removed"), ran against Al Smith for the governorship of New York, and fought with distinction in both world wars. Mrs. Roosevelt, who brilliantly supported her husband in his career, also writes of their more private lives; of their extensive travels through Asia, Africa and India in pursuit of specimens of wild animals for American museums; of the building of their house in Oyster Bay; of compiling the family scrapbooks, for whose sake, characteristically, she trained herself so well in photography that she later published a spread in *Life*. Brig. Gen. Roosevelt died of a heart attack at the French front in July 1944 and was posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his gallantry during the first wave of the Normandy invasion. Crossing the Channel he had written: "We've had a grand life and I hope there'll be more. Should it chance that there's not, at least we can say that in our years together we've packed enough for ten ordinary lives."

M. B. O'REILLY

POINTS OF VIEW, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, $4.50). Five leisurely essays, in which the most productive of living English writers talks shop about Goethe's novels, French diarists, East Indian mystics, Chekhov, Maupassant, and others. The taste is always predictable, and except for a sly footnote on Carlyle's translation of *Wilhelm Meister*, the most interesting pages are those which explicitly record—for, I believe, the first time in print—the story of Katherine Mansfield's pathetic romance with the French novelist Francis Carco. Otherwise, we get only the familiar Maugham evasion: the tartness and shopworn urbanity which more than half a century's commital to popular magazines has persuaded him to put forward in place of what is, I am sure, a far less superficial native temperament. Since he has declared this to be his "last book," it is a pity he did not relax a little. But he is a man of notorious will power.

R. PHELPS

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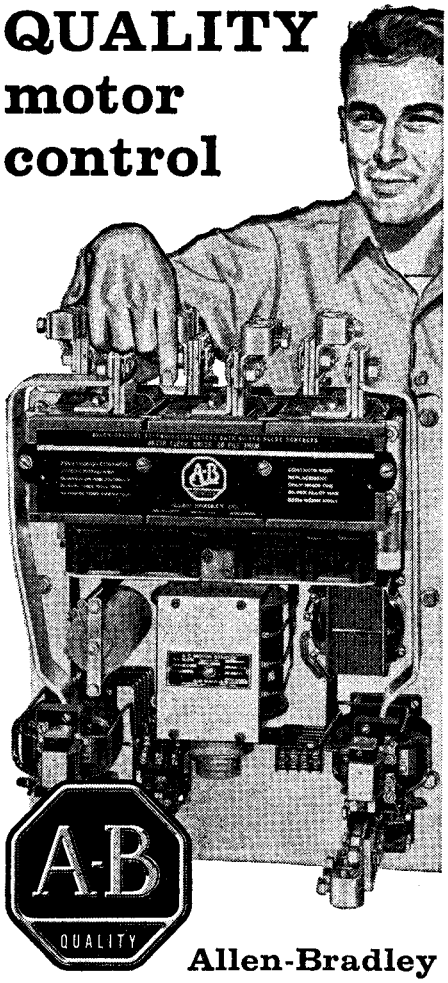

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To the Editor

The Freedom Academy

On behalf of the Orlando Committee, I want to thank you for your good editorial of October 10, focusing attention on the plight of the Freedom Commission Act, S-1689, HR 3880 (Freedom Academy).

Hearings on this bill before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee established these appalling facts:

1. Nowhere in the U.S. today can government cold war personnel or interested private citizens receive concentrated, broad spectrum training in psycho-political warfare.

2. Nowhere today is a concentrated effort being made to develop our own counteraction to Soviet political warfare and protracted conflict into the true operational science it can be, instead of the half-hearted, piecemeal thing it now is.

In short, the development and training part of our cold war program is still at the primitive stage. While many good books have been written on Communism, the first book has yet to be written intermeshing and interrelating the full range of counteraction.

The Reserve Officers Association in its persuasive statement to the Senate Subcommittee put it this way:

> Americans believe in education for defense as well as for peace. At West Point, Annapolis, and the Air Force Academy we train selected youths in the arts of war. Graduates of these military schools continue their education, in adult life, at the Army War College, the Naval War College, the Air War University, the Industrial College of the Armed forces and the National War College. In other words, we have postgraduate schools for hot war.
>
> The Communists, however, are waging war against the free world on the chessboard of politics, economics, propaganda and subversion. They have, for more than three decades, trained professional revolutionists in the art of non-military combat. Communists, in short, have command and staff schools for cold war.
>
> ROA submits that, on the record, the free world has been losing the non-military struggle owing in part to the lack of cold war training facilities for American diplomats, soldiers, foreign aid personnel, businessmen who serve overseas, and other effectives. . . .
>
> In an age of mass media, mass literacy, and intercontinental communications, the battle of world opinion is dominated by professionals. At the present time, Soviet Russia has a monopoly on professionals who are the products of the Lenin Institute of Political Warfare and other Communist training schools.

If this bill becomes law, then we can bring together in a single institution the few top experts available where they can devote their full time to developing counteraction and to training private citizens and cold war personnel in advanced methods of defeating the Soviets in non-military warfare. As projected, the courses would range from a few weeks or a few months (for school teachers, businessmen, civic leaders, newspapermen, etc.) to several years where we are seeking to produce a real professional. The Academy would train foreign students as well as our own nationals.

The passage of this bill, including the tough congressional findings of fact as to the nature of the Soviets' total political war, will be notice to the world that we have been kicked around long enough, and are now setting about in a systematic manner to fight this new dimension of warfare that has been forced upon us.

The printed transcript of the Senate hearings is now available and a copy can be had by writing the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, New Senate Office Building, Washington 25, D.C. It is a persuasive decument.

ALAN G. GRANT, JR.
Orlando, Fla. The Orlando Committee

I wish to express my appreciation of the fine remarks made in your October 24 issue by Charles G. Downing and C. C. Starr. I am in understandable and hearty support of their viewpoint and completely dumbfounded by your own.

If it is the business of the federal government to instruct us in the philosophy of freedom, then it should follow that the federal government ought properly to undertake all other educational chores as well. Since, however, the federal government is leading the pack when it comes to inhibiting our freedom and regimenting our lives, it becomes a questionable matter whether the federal govern-

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ment could instruct us in the nature of freedom, let alone define its terms.

I venture to predict that if the Herlong bill is passed, it will not be long before the government will pass a second law, *compelling* certain persons to learn about freedom at their academy. And this is the concept of Rousseau, who held that freedom was so important an item that it was imperative that men be *forced* to be free. You cannot be intending to emulate Rousseau? ROBERT LEFEVRE

The Freedom School
Colorado Springs, Col.

I Confess

Now that Allan H. Ryskind [November 7] has laid bare the horrid Liberal Conspiracy at Pomona, I must manfully, in the image of Charlie Van Doren, confess my own part in this sorrowful affair.

1. I was a visiting professor at Pomona in the summer of 1950. John Vieg and I often lunched together, although we were careful to take a table in the corner of the college dining room.

2. I invited Professor Vieg to be a visiting professor at Cornell in the summer of 1956, or was it 1957? He accepted. Again we lunched—often—and talked bleakly of McCarthyism.

3. I spoke at the Founders Day Convocation at Pomona in 1955 and stated flatly (what I would give to unsay these words!) that a college should be a *civilizing* as well as an *educating* agency. Worse than all this:

4. Houston Flournoy was a student of mine at Cornell. I helped persuade him to take up graduate study; I sent him on to Princeton; I encouraged him to be a Liberal Republican. Worst of all:

5. I recommended him strongly to John Vieg!

And all this I did simply to ensure the adoption of *The American Presidency* in the introductory course in political science at Pomona: 50 copies at 1 cent royalty per copy = 50 cents. Just for a handful of coppers!

At least I'm luckier than Charlie. I have the 50 cents to give back, not that this act of contrition can ever erase my shameful role in the Liberal Conspiracy at Pomona.

Now, then, would it be too much to ask Mr. Ryskind, in the image of Oren Harris, to thank me for my courage in revealing these hitherto closely kept secrets?

Ithaca, N.Y. CLINTON ROSSITER

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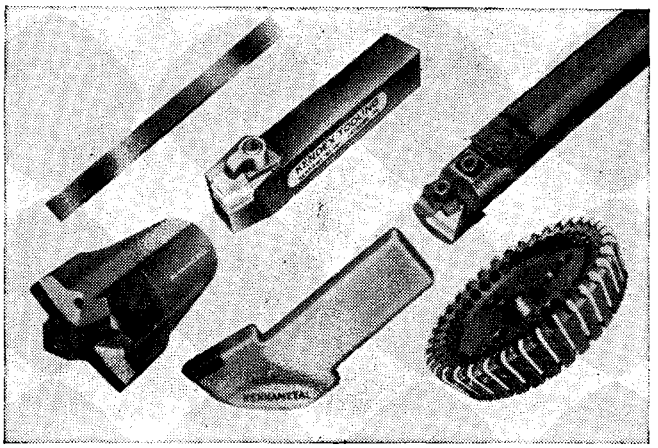

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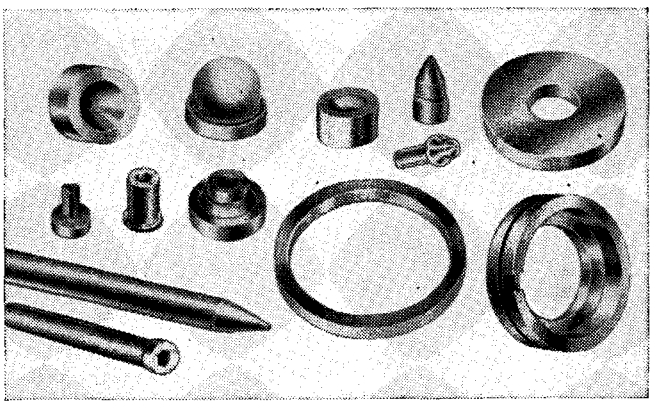

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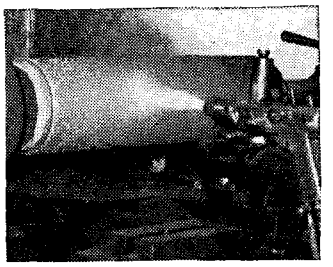

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